A
Pleaſant Comedie,
Called,
WILY BEGVILDE.

The chiefe Actors be theſe.

A { *Poore Scholler.*
Rich Foole.
and
Knaue at a ſhift. }

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Phot. of ACW 12580

Gripe: an Vſurer.
Ploddall: a Farmer.
Sophos: a Scholler.
Churms: a Lawyer.
Robin good-fellow.
Fortunatus: *Gripes* Sonne.
Lelia: *Gripes* Daughter.
Nurſe.

Peter Ploddall: *Ploddals* ſonne.
Pegge: Nurſes Daughter.
Will Cricket,
Mother Midnight.
An oldman.
Sylvanus.
Clearke.

SPECTRVM.

THE PROLOGVE.

WHat hoe, where are theſe paultrie Players? ſtill poaring in their Papers, and neuer perfect? for ſhame come foorth, your Audience ſtay ſo long, their eies wax dimme with expectation.

Enter one of the Players.

How now my honeſt Rogue; What Play ſhall wee haue heere to night?

Play. Sir, you may looke vpon the Title.

Prol. What, *Spectrum* once againe? Why noble *Cerberus*, nothing but Patch-pannell ſtuffe, old Gally-mawfries & Cotten-candle eloquence? Out you bawling Bandogge foxfurd ſlaue; you dryed Stockfiſh you, out of my ſight. *Exit the Player.*

Well, tis no matter: Ile ſit mee downe and ſee it, and for fault of a better, Ile ſupply the place of a ſcuruy Prologue.

Spectrum is a Looking-glaſſe indeed,
Wherein a man a Hiſtorie may reed,
Of bace conceites and damned rogurie:
The very ſinke of Hell-bred villanie.

Enter a Iuggler.

Iuggler. Why how now humorous *George*? What as melancholy as a Mantletree?
Will you ſee any trickes of Liegerdemaine, ſlight of hand, Clenly conueyance, or *Deceptio viſus*? What will you ſee Gentleman to driue you out of theſe dumps?

Prol. Out you Souſt-gurnet, you Woolfiſt, be gon I ſay, and bid the Players diſpatch and come away quickly: and tell their fiery Poet that before I haue done with him, Ile make him doe pennance vpon a Stake in a Calfes skin.

Iuggler. O Lord ſir, yee are deceiued in mee, I am no tale-carrier; I am a Iuggler.
I haue the ſuperficiall skill of all the Seuen liberall Sciences at my fingers end.
Ile ſhew you a tricke of the twelues, and turne him ouer the thumbes with a trice.
Ile make him flie ſwifter then meditation.
Ile ſhew you as many toyes as there be minutes in a moneth,
And as many trickes as there be motes in the Sunne.

Prol. Prethee what trickes canſt thou doe?

Iuggler. Marry ſir I will ſhew you a tricke of cleanly conueyance.
Hei fortuna furim nunquam credo, With a caſt of cleane conueyance: Come aloft *Iacke* for thy maiſters aduantage (hee's gone I warrant ye. { *Spectrum* is conueyed away, and *Wily beguiled* ſtands in the place of it.

Prol. Mas, and tis well done: now I ſee thou canſt do ſomething, Hold thee, there is Twelue pence for thy labour:
Goe to that Barme-froth Poet, and to him ſay,
Hee quite hath loſt the Title of his Play,
His Calſe-skin ieſtes from hence are cleane exil'd.

Thus

Thus once you ſee that *Wily* is beguild. *Exit the Iuggler.*

Prol. Now kinde Spectators, I dare boldly ſay,
You all are welcome to our Authors Play:
Be ſtill a while, and ere we goe,
Weele make your eyes with laughter flow.
Let *Momus* mates iudge how they liſt,
Wee feare not what they babble:
Nor any paltry Poets penne,
Amongſt that raſcall rabble.
But Time forbids mee further ſpeech,
My tongue muſt ſtop her race:
My time is come, I muſt be dumbe,
And giue the Actors place.

Exit.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Gripe, ſolus.

A Heauie Purſe makes a light heart: O the conſideration of this Pouch, this Pouch! Why he that has mony, has hearts eaſe, and the world in a ſtring.
O this rich Chincke, and Siluer coyne, it is the conſolation of the World.
I can ſit at home quietly in my Chaire, & ſend out my Angels by ſea and by land, and bid fly villaines & fetch in ten in the hundred; I and a better penny too. Let me ſee, I haue but two children in all the world to beſtow my goods vpon, *Fortunatus* my ſonne, and *Lelia* my daughter: For my ſonne, he followes the Warres, and that which he gets with ſwaggering, he ſpendes in ſwaggering: But Ile curbe him, his allowance whileſt I liue, ſhall be ſmall, and ſo he ſhall be ſure not to ſpend much: and if I die, I will leaue him a portion, that (if he will be a good husband and follow his fathers ſteps) ſhall maintaine him like a Gentleman: and if he will not, let him follow his owne humor till he be wearie of it, and ſo let him goe. Now for my daughter, ſhee is my only ioy; and the ſtaffe of my age, and I haue beſtowed good bringing vp vpon her (barlady): why ſhe is een modeſtie it ſelfe; it does me good to looke on her. Now if I can harken out ſome wealthy marriage for her, I haue my onely deſire.
Mas, and well remembred, heer's my neighbour *Ploddall* hard by, has but one only ſonne, and (let me ſee) I take it, his Lands are better then fiue thouſand pounds, now if I can make a match betweene his ſonne & my daughter, and ſo ioyne

ioyne his Land and my mony together, O twil be a bleſſed vnion. Well, Ile in, and get a Scriuener: Ile write to him about it preſently. But ſtay, heere comes M. *Churms* the Lawer, Ile deſire him to do ſo much.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Good morrow M. *Gripe.*

Gripe. O good morrow M. *Churms.*
What ſayes my two debters, that I lent 200. pound to?
Will they not pay vſe, and charges of ſuit?

Churms. Fayth Sir I doubt they are bankrouts:
I would you had your principall.

Gripe. Nay, Ile haue all, or Ile impriſon their bodyes.
But M. *Churms*, there is a matter I would faine haue you do, but you muſt be very ſecret.

Churms. O ſir, feare not that, Ile warrant you.

Gripe. Why then this it is: My neighbour *Ploddall* hereby, you know is a man of very faire Land, and hee has but one ſonne, vpon whom hee meanes to beſtow all that hee has: Now I would make a match betweene my daughter *Lelia* and him: What thinke you of it.

Churms. Marry I thinke twould be a good match: but the young man has had very ſimple bringing vp.

Gripe. Tuſh, what care I for that, ſo he haue Lands and liuing inough, my daughter has bringing vp will ſerue them both. How I would haue you to write me a Letter to Goodman *Ploddall* concerning this matter, and Ile pleaſe you for your paines.

Churms. Ile warrant you ſir, Ile doe it artificially.

Gripe. Doe, good M. *Churms*: but be very ſecret. I haue ſome buſineſſe this morning, and therefore Ile leaue you a while; and if you will come to dinner to mee anone, you ſhall be very heartily welcome. *Exit Gripe.*

Churms. Thankes good ſir, Ile trouble you.
Now twere a good ieſt if I could coſen the old Churle of his daughter, and get the Wench for my ſelfe.
Sounds I am as proper a man as *Peter Ploddall*: and though his father bee as good a man as mine, yet farre fetcht and deare

deare bought is good for Ladies, and I am ſure I haue been as farre as *Calez*, to fetch that I haue.
I haue been at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Calez* a Souldier, and now in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree ſhall be a Connicatcher:
For Ile goe neere to coſen old father ſhare-penny of his daughter, Ile caſt about, Ile warrant him,
Ile goe dine with him, and write him his Letter:
And then Ile go ſeeke out my kind companion *Robin good-fellow*, and betwixt vs, weele make her yeeld to any thing.
Weele ha the common Law oth one hand, & the ciuill law oth tother:
Weele toſſe *Lelia* like a tennis Ball. *Exit.*

Enter old Ploddall, and his ſonne Peter, an old man Ploddals Tenant, and Will Cricket his ſonne.

Ploddall. Ah Tenant, an ill husband (beriady): thriſe at thy houſe, and neuer at home?
You know my minde: will you giue ten ſhillinges more rent?
I muſt diſcharge you elſe.

Old man. Alas Landlord, will you vndoe mee? I ſit of a great rent alreadie, and am very poore.

Will Cr. Very poore? y'are a very Aſſe. Lord how my ſtomacke wambles at that ſame word (very poore)!
Father, if you loue your ſonne *William*, neuer name that ſame word, very poore:
For Ile ſtand to it, that its pettilaſſenie to name very poore to a man that's oth top of his marriage.

Old man. Why ſonne, art oth top of thy marriage, to whom I prethee?

Will. Marry to prettie *Pegge*, miſtreſſe *Lelias* nurſes daughter.
O tis the dapreſt Wench that euer danc'd after a Tabor and Pipe:
For ſhe will ſo heele it, and toe it, and trip it;
O her buttocks will quake like a Cuſtard.

P. Ploddall. Why *William*, when were you with hir?

Will. O *Peter*, does your mouth water at that?
Truly I was neuer with hir, but I know I shall speed,
For tother day she lookt on me & laught, and thats a good signe (ye know:) and therefore old Siluer-top, neuer talke of charging or discharging?
For I tell you I am my Fathers heire; and if you discharge me, Ile discharge my Pestilence at you: For to let my house before my Leaſe be out, is cut-throaterie: and to scrape for more rent, is pole-dennerie.
And so fare you well good Grandsire Vsurie: come father lets be gone. *Exeunt Will and his father.*

Ploddall. Well, Ile make the beggerly knaues to packe for this:
Ile haue is euery crosse, income, and Rent too. } *Enter Chr.*
But stay here comes one: O tis M. *Churms.* } *with a Let.*
I hope he brings me some good newes.
M. *Churms*, yare well met, I am een almost staru'd for money.
You must take some damnable course with my Tenants: theile not pay.

Churms. Fayth Sir, they are growne to bee captious knaues.
But Ile moue them with a *Habeas Corpus.*

Ploddall. Doe, good M. *Churms*, or vse any other villanous course shall please you.
But what newes abroad?

Churms. Faith little news: but heer's a Letter which M. *Gripe* desired me to deliuer you. And though it stand not with my reputatiō, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing how much it might concerne you, I thought it better something to abase my selfe, then you should be any wayes hindered.

Ploddall. Thankes good sir, and Ile in and reade it.
Exeunt Ploddall and his sonne. *Manet Chur.*

Churms. Thus men of reach must looke to liue,
I cry content, and murder where I kisse,

Gripe,

Gripe takes me for his faithfull friend,
Imparts to me the secrets of his heart;
And *Ploddall* thinkes I am as true a friend,
To euery enterprise he takes in hand;
As euer breath'd vnder the cope of heauen:
But damme me if they finde it so,
All this makes for my auaile,
Ile ha the wench my selfe, or else my wits shall faile. *Exit.*

Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of Flowers.

Lelia. See how the earth (this fragrant Spring) is clad,
And mantled round in sweete Nymph *Floras* roabes:
Heere growes th'alluring Rose,
Sweete Marigolds, and the louely Hyacinth:
Come *Nurse*, gather:
A Crowne of Roses shall adorne my head,
Ile pranke my selfe with flowers of the prime,
And thus Ile spend away my Primerose time.

Nurse. Ruftie, tuftie, are you so frolicke?
O that you knew as much as I doe, t'would coole you.

Lelia. Why what know'st thou *Nurse*? prethee tell me.

Nurse. Heauie newes y fayth Mistresse,
You must be matcht & married to a husband; ha, ha, ha, ha,
a husband y faith.

Lelia. A Husband, *Nurse*? why thats good neewes, if he
be a good one.

Nurse. A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha; why woman,
I heard your father say, that he would marrie you to *Peter
Ploddall*, that Puckfist, that Snudge-snout, that Cole-carri-
erly Clowne. Lord, t'would be as good as meat & drinke
to mee, to see how the foole would wooe you.

Lelia. No, no, my Father did but iest: thinkest thou that
I can stoope so low to take a Browne-bread crust, and wed
a Clowne that's brought vp at the Cart?

Nurse. Cart quotha? I, heele cart you; for he cannot tell
how to court you.

Lelia. Ah *Nurse*, sweete *Sophos* is the man,

 Whose

Whoſe loue is lockt in *Lelias* tender breaſt,
This hart hath vow'd, (if heauens doe not denie,)
My loue with his in toomb'd in earth ſhall lye.

Nurſe. Peace miſtreſſe, ſtand aſide, here comes ſome body.

Enter Sophos.

Sophos. Optatis non eſt ſpes vlla potiri:
Yet *Phœbus* lend downe thy tralucent beames,
Behold the earth that mourines in ſad attire,
The flowers at *Sophos* preſence gins to droope,
Whoſe trickling teares for *Lelias* loſſe,
Do turne the Plains into a ſtanding Poole:
Sweete *Cynthia* ſmile, cheere vp the drouping Flowers,
Let *Sophos* once more ſee a Sunne-ſhine day,
O let the ſacred center of my heart,
I meane faire *Lelia* Natures faireſt worke,
Be once againe the obiect to mine eyes.
O but I wiſh in vaine, whilſt her I wiſh to ſee,
Her Father he obſcures hir from my ſight,
He pleades my want of wealth,
And ſayes it is a barre in *Venus* Court.
How hath fond fortune by her fatall doome,
Predeſtin'd me to liue in hapleſſe hopes,
Still turning falſe hir fickle wauering wheele;
And Loues faire goddeſſe, with her *Circian* cup,
Inchanteth ſo fond *Cupids* poiſoned darts.
That loue, the only Loadſtarre of my life,
Doth drawe my thoughts into a labyrinth,
But ſtay:
What do I ſee, what do mine eyes behold?
(O happie ſight) it is faire *Lelias* face.
Haile heauens bright nymph, the period of my griefe,
Sole guidreſſe of my thoughts and author of my ioy,

Lelia. Sweete *Sophos* welcome to *Lelia*,
Faire *Dido* (*Carthaginians* beautious Queene,
Not halfe ſo ioyfull was when as the *Troian* Prince,
Eneas, landed on the ſandie ſhores

Of

Of *Carthage* confines, as thy *Lelia* is,
To ſee her *Sophos* here arriu'd by chance.
Sophos. And bleſt be chance that hath conducted me,
vnto the place where I might ſee my deare,
As deare to me, as is the deareſt life.
Nurſe. Sir, you may ſee that Fortune is your friend.
Sophos. Yet Fortune fauours fooles.
Nurſe. By that concluſion you ſhould not be wiſe.
Lelia. Foule Fortune ſometime ſmiles on Vertue faire.
Sophos. Tis then to ſhew her mutabilitie:
But ſince amidſt ten thouſand frowning threats
Of fickle Fortunes thrice vnconſtant wheele,
She daines to ſhew one little pleaſing ſmile,
Lets doe our beſt falſe Fortune to beguile,
And take aduantage of her euer changing moodes.
See, ſee, how *Tellus* ſpangled mantle ſmiles,
And Birdes doe chant their rurall ſugred notes
As rauiſht with our meetinges ſweete delights.
Since then there fits for loue, both time and place,
Let loue and liking, hand in hand imbrace.
Nurſe. Sir, the next way to win her loue, is to linger her leyſure.
I meaſure my Miſtreſſe by my louely ſelfe, make a promiſe to a man, and keep it: I haue but one fault, I neuer made promiſe in my life, but I ſticke to it tooth and naile: Ile pay it home yfaith.
If I promiſe my louea kiſſe, Ile giue him two: marrie at firſt I will make nice, and cry fie, fie, and that will make him come againe and againe,
Ile make him breake his winde with come againes.
Sophos. But what ſayes *Lelia* to her *Sophos* loue?
Lelia. Ah *Sophos*, that fond bling Boy,
That wringes theſe paſsions from my *Sophos* hart,
Hath likewiſe wounded *Lelia* with his dart,
And force perforce, I yeeld the fortreſſe vp:
Heere *Sophos* take thy *Leliaes* hand,
And with this hand, receiue a loyall hart.

High *Ioue* that ruleth heauens bright Canopie,
Grant to our loue a wisht felicitie.
Sophos. As ioyes the weary Pilgrime by the way,
When *Phœbus* waues vnto the Westerne deepe,
To summon him to his desired rest:
Or as the poore distressed Mariner,
Long tost by Shipwracke on the foming waues,
At length beholdes the long wisht Hauen,
Although from farre, his heart doth dance for ioy:
So Loues consent at length, my minde hath eas'd,
My troubled thoughts, by sweete content are pleas'd.
Lelia. My Father recks not Vertue,
But vowes to wed mee to a man of wealth,
And sweares, his Gold shall counterpoyse his worth:
But *Lelia* scornes proud *Mammons* golden mines,
And better likes of Learnings sacred lore,
Then of fond Fortunes glistering mockeries:
But *Sophos*, try thy Wits, and vse thy vtmost skill
To please my father, and compasse his good-will.
Sop. To what faire *Lelias* wil's, doth *Sophos* yeeld content
Yet that's the troublous gulfe my silly ship must passe:
But were that venture harder to atchiue
Then that of *Iason* for the Golden fleece,
I would effect it for sweete *Lelias* sake,
Or leaue my selfe as witnesse of my thoughts,
Nurse. How say you by that, Mistresse? heele doe any thing for your sake.
Lelia. Thankes gentle Loue,
But least my Father should suspect,
Whose iealous head with more then *Argus* eyes,
Doth measure euery gesture that I vse:
Ile in, and leaue you heere alone,
Adieu sweete friend, vntill we meete againe:
Come *Nurse* follow mee. *Exeunt Nurse and Lelia.*
Sophos. Farewell my Loue, faire fortune be thy guide.
Now *Sophos* now bethinke thy selfe (knot.
How thou mayst win her fathers will to knit this happy

Alas,

Alas, thy ſtate is poore, thy Friendes are few,
And feare forbids to tell my fates to friend:
Well, Ile try my fortunes;
And finde out ſome conuenient time,
When as her fathers leyſure beſt ſhall ſerue
To conferre with him about faire *Lelias* loue. *Exit Sophos.*

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, Churms, and Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, and Maiſter *Churms*,
Y'are welcome to my houſe,
What newes in the Country Neighbour? you are a good Husband, you ha done ſowing Barley, I am ſure.

Ploddall. Yes ſir (an't pleaſe you) a fortnight ſince.

Gripe. Maiſter *Churms*, What ſayes my debters? can you get any mony of them yet?

Churms. Not yet ſir, I doubt they are ſcarce able to pay, You muſt eene forbeare them awhile, theyle exclayme on you elſe.

Gripe. Let them exclayme, and hang, and ſtarue, & beg: Let mee ha my money.

Ploddall. Heer's this good-fellow too. Maiſter *Churms*, I muſt eene put him and his father ouer into your handes; theyle pay me no rent.

Will Cri. This good-fellow quotha? I ſcorne that baſe, broking, brabbling, brauling, baſtarly, bottlenoſ'd, beetle-brow'd, beane-bellied name.
Why, *Robin Goodfellow* is this ſame cogging, petifogging, crackropes calues-skin companion:
Put mee and my father ouer to him? old Siluer-top, and you had not put mee before my father, I would ha——

Ploddall. What wouldſt ha done?

Will. I would haue had a ſnatch at you, that I would.

Churms. What, art a Dogge?

Will. No, if I had been a Dogge, I would ha ſnapt off your noſe ere this, and ſo I ſhould haue cotend the Diuell of a Mary-bone.

Gripe.

Gripe. Come, come, let me end this controuerſie, Prechee goe thy wayes in, and bid the Boy bring a cup of Sacke here for my friendes.

Will. Would you haue a Sacke ſir?

Gripe. Away foole, a cup of Sacke to drinke.

Will. O, I had thought you would haue had a ſacke to haue put this lawcracking cogſoyſt in, in ſtead of a paire of ſtockes.

Gripe. Away ſoole, get thee in I ſay.

Will. Into the buttrie you meane?

Gripe. I prithee doe.

Will. Ile make your hogſhead of Sacke rue that word. *Exit Will Cricket.*

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, I ſent a Letter to you, by Maſter *Charme*, how like you of the motion?

Ploddall. Marrie I like well of the motion: my ſonne I tell you is eene all the ſtay I haue: and all my care is, to haue him take one that hath ſomething: for as the world goes now, if they haue nothing they may begge.
But I doubt hees too ſimple for your daughter. For I haue brought him vp hardly, with browne Bread, fat Bacon, Puddings, and Souce, and (barlady) wee thinke it good faire too.

Gripe. Tuſh man, I care not for that, you ha no more children: youle make him your heire, and giue him your lands, will you not?

Ploddall Yes, hees eene all I haue, I haue no body elſe to beſtow it vpon.

Gripe. You ſay well.

Enter Will Cricket, and a Boy with Wine and a Napkin

Will. Nay here you, drinke afore you bargaine.

Gr. Mas, an tis a good motion: Boy, fill ſome wine. } He fils them wine, & giues them the napkin.

Here Neighbour and M. *Charme* I drinke to you.

Both. We thanke you Sir.

Will.

Wil. Lawer wipe cleane: do you remember?

Churms. Remember, why?

Wil. Why? ſince you know When.

Churms. Since when?

Wil. Why ſince you were bumbaſted, that your lubberly legges would not carrie your lobcocke bodie;
When you made an infuſion of your ſtinking excrements, in your ſtalking implements:
O you were plaguy frayd, and fowly raide.

Gripe. Prithee peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall*, what ſay you to this match: ſhall it go forward?

Ploddall. Sir, that muſt be as our children like.
For my ſonne, I thinke I can rule him:
Marrie, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot, hee's very ſimple.

Gripe. My daughters mine to command, haue I not brought her vp to this?
She ſhall haue him: Ile rule the roſte for that,
Ile giue her pounds and crownes, gold and ſiluer:
Ile way her downe in pure angell gold;
Say man, i'ſt a match?

Ploddall. Faith I agree.

Churms. But Sir, if you giue your daughter ſo large a dowrie, youle haue ſome part of his land conueied to her by iointure.

Gripe. Yes marrie that I will:
And weele deſire your helpe for conueiance.

Ploddall. I, good Maſter *Churms*, and you ſhall be very well contented for your paines.

Will. I marrie, thats it he lookt for all this while.

Churms. Sir I will do the beſt I can.

Will. But Landlord, I can tell you newes yfaith:
There is one *Sophos*, a braue Gentleman, heele wipe your ſonne *Peters* noſe, of Miſtreſſe *Lelia*: I can tell you he loues her well.

Gripe. Nay, I trow:

Will. Yes I know, for I am ſure I ſaw them cloſe toge-

ther at Poop-noddie, in her Closet.

Gripe. But I am sure she loues him not.

Will. Nay, I dare take it on my death she loues him,
For hees a scholler: and ware schollers, they haue tricks for loue y fayth; for with a litle Logicke and *Pitome colloquium*, they'le make a Wench doe any thing.
Landlord, pray yee be not angry with mee, for speakeing my conscience.
In good fayth, your soone *Peter's* a very Clowne to him:
Why, hee's as fine a man as a Wench can see in a summers day.

Gripe. Well, that shall not serue his turne, Ile crosse him, I warrant ye.
I am glad I know it: I haue suspected it a great while.
Sophos? Why what's *Sophos?* a base fellow.
Indeed hee has a good wit, and can speake well,
He's a scholler forsooth: one that has more wit then mony;
And I like not that: hee may beg for all that.
Schollers? Why what are Schollers without mony?

Ploddall. Fayth eene like Puddings without Suet.

Gripe. Come Neighbour, send your sonne to my house,
For he shall be welcome to mee:
And my Daughter shall entertaine him kindly.
What? I can, and will rule *Lelia.*
Come, let's in, Ile discharge *Sophos* from my house presently. *Exeunt Gripe, and Ploddall, and Chorus.*

Will. A horne plague of this mony,
For it causeth many Hornes to bud:
And for mony many men are horned.
For when Maydes are forc'd to loue where they like not,
It makes them lie where they should not.
Ile be hangd, if ere Mistresse *Lelia* will ha *Peter Ploddall*,
I sweare by this button cap, (doe you marke)
And by the round, sound, and profound contents (do you vnderstand)
Of this coslly Codpeece, (being a good proper man as yee see) that I could get her as soone as hee, my selfe.

And

And if I had not a moneths mind in an other place,
I would haue a fling at her thats flat:
But I muſt ſet a good holiday face ont,
And go a woeing to prettie *Pegge*: well, Ile too her yfayth
While tis in my minde? But ſtay, Ile ſee how I can woe before I goe: they ſay, vſe makes perfectneſſe:
Looke you now, ſuppoſe this were *Pegge*,
Now I ſet my cap oth to ſide on this fathion (do yee ſee?) then ſay I,
Sweete hony, bony, ſuger candie *Pegge*,
Whoſe face more faire then Brocke my fathers Cow,
Whoſe eyes doe ſhine like bacon rine,
Whoſe lips are blew of azure hew,
Whoſe crooked noſe downe to her chin doth bow.
For you know I muſt begin to commend her beautie,
And then I will tell her plainely, that I am in loue with her ouer my high ſhooes, and then I will tell her, that I doe nothing of nights but ſleepe and thinke on her, and ſpecially of mornings:
And that does make my ſtomacke ſo riſe, that Ile beſworn, I can turne me three or foure bowles of porredge ouer in a morning a fore breakefaſt.

Enter Robin good-fellow.

Robin goodfellow. How now ſirra, what make you heare, with all that timber in your necke?:

Will. Timber? Sounds, I thinke he be a witch,
How knew he this were Timber?
Mas Ile ſpeake him faire, and get out on's companie: for I am afraid on him.

Robin. Speake man, what art afraid? what makeſt here?

Will. A poore fellow Sir, ha bin drinking two or three pots of ale at an alehouſe, and ha loſt my way Sir.

Robin. O, nay then I ſee: thou art a good fellow,
Seeſt thou not Maſter *Churms* the Lawer to day?

Will. No Sir, would you ſpeake with him.

Robin. I marrie would I.

Will. If I ſee him, Ile tell him you would ſpeake with him.

Robin. Nay, prethee ſtay: who wilt thou tell him would ſpeake with him?

Will. Marrie you ſir.

Robin. I, who am I?

Will. Fayth ſir, I know not.

Robin. If thou ſeeſt him, tell him *Robin Good-fellow* would ſpeake with him.

Will. O I will ſir. *Exit Will Cr.*

Robin. Mas, the fellow was afraide,
I play the Bugbeare whereſoere I come,
And make them all afraid:
But heere comes Maiſter *Churms.*

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, God ſaue you, I haue been ſeeking for you in euery Ale-houſe in the Towne.

Robin. What, Maiſter *Churms?* What's the beſt newes abroad? tis long ſince I ſee you.

Churms. Fayth little newes: but yet I am glad I haue met with you.
I haue a matter to impart to you, wherein you may ſtand me in ſome ſtead, and make a good benefit to your ſelfe: if we can deale cunningly, twill be worth a doble fee to you, (by the Lord.)

Robin. A doble fee? ſpeake man, what iſt?
If it be to betray mine owne Father, Ile do't for halfe a fee:
And for cunning, let mee alone.

Churms. Why, then this it is.
Here is Maiſter *Gripe* hard by, a Clyant of mine, a man of mightie wealth, who has but one Daughter; her Dowrie is her waight in Gold:
Now ſir, this old penny father would marrie her to one *Peter Ploddail*, rich *Ploddals* ſonne and heire:
Whom though his father meanes to leaue very rich,
Yet hee's a very idiot and browne-bread Clowne:

And

And one, I know the Wench does deadly hate;
And though their friendes haue giuen their full conſent,
And both agreed on this vnequall match,
Yet I know that *Lelia* will neuer marrie him:
But there's another riuall in her loue, one *Sophos*,
And hee's a Scholler.
One whom I thinke faire *Lelia* dearely loues,
But her father hates him as he hates a Toad;
For hee's in want, and *Gripe* gapes after Gold,
And ſtill relies vpon the old ſayd ſaw,
Si nihil attuleris, &c.

Robin. And wherein can I doe you any good in this?

Churms. Mary thus ſir.
I am of late growne paſsing familar with M. *Gripe*:
And for *Ploddall*, hee takes mee for his ſecond ſelfe:
Now ſir, Ile fit my ſelfe to the old crummy Churles humors, and make them beleeue Ile perſwade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddall*, and ſo get free acceſſe to the Wench at my pleaſure:
Now o'th other ſide, Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him Ile handle cunningly too;
Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted mee with her loue to him:
And for becauſe her Father much ſuſpectes the ſame,
Hee mewes her vp as men doe mew their Hawkes,
And ſo reſtraines her from her *Sophos* ſight:
Ile ſay, becauſe ſhe doth repoſe more truſt
Of ſecrecie in mee, then in another man,
In courteſie ſhe hath requeſted mee,
To doe her kindeſt greetings to her Loue.

Robin. An excellent deuiſe, yfaith.

Churms. I ſir, and by this meanes, Ile make a very gull of my fine *Diogenes*.
I ſhall know his ſecrets euen from the very bottome of his heart.
Nay more ſir, you ſhall ſee mee deale ſo cunningly, that he ſhall make mee an inſtrument to compaſſe his deſire;

When God knowes I meane nothing leſſe.
Qui diſſimulare neſcit, noſcit viuere.
Robin. Why, this will be ſport alone:
But what would you haue me doe in this action?
Charms. Marry as I play with to hand, play you with tother.
Fall you aboard with *Peter Pleddall*,
Make him beleeue youle worke miracles,
And that you haue a Powder will make *Lelia* loue him:
Nay what will he not beleeue, and take all that comes (you know my minde)
And ſo weele make a Gull of the one, and a Gooſe of the other.
And if wee can inuent any deuiſe, to bring the ſcholler in diſgrace with her: I doe not doubt but with your helpe to creep betweene the barke & the tree, and get *Lelia* my ſelfe.
Robin. Tuſh man, I haue a deuiſe in my head already to doe that.
But they ſay her brother *Fortunatus* loues him dearely.
Charms. Tut hees out of the Countrey,
He followes the drume and the flagge.
He may chance to be kild with a double Canon before hee come home againe:
But whats your deuiſe?
Robin. Marrie Ile doe this;
Ile frame an Inditement againſt *Sophos*, in maner and forme of a Rape, and the next Law day you ſhall preferre it, that ſo *Lelia* may loath him,
Hir Father ſtill deadly hate him,
And the young Gallant her brother vtterly forſake him.
Charms. But how ſhall we prooue it?
Robin. Sounds weele hire ſome Strumpet or other to be ſworne againſt him.
Charms. Now (by the ſubſtance of my ſoule) tis an excellent deuiſe.
Well, ſets in, Ile firſt try my cunning otherwiſe, and if I faile, weele try this concluſion. *Exeu.*

Enter Mother Midnight, Nurſe, and Pegge.

Mother Mi. Yfaith *Marget*, you muſt eene take your Daughter *Pegge* home againe;
For ſheele not be rul'd by mee.

Nurſe. Why *Mother?* What, will ſhe not doe?

Mother M. Faith ſhe neither did, nor does, nor will doe any thing:
Send her to'th Market with Egges; ſheele ſell them, and ſpend the money:
Send her to make a Pudding, ſheele put in no Suet;
Sheele run out a nights a dauncing, and come no more home till day peepe:
Bid her come to bed, ſheele come when ſhe liſt:
Ah tis a naſtie ſhame to ſee her bringing vp.

Nurſe. Out you Rogue, you arrant, &c.
What, know'ſt not thy Granam?

Pegge. I know her to be a teaſtie old foole,
Shees neuer well, but grunting in a corner.

Mother M. Nay ſheele campe (I warrant yee.)
O ſhe ha's a tongue.
But *Marget*, eene take her home to your Miſtriſſe, and there keepe her: for Ile keepe her no longer.

Nurſe. Mother, pray yee take ſome paines with her, and keepe her a while longer; and if ſhe doe not mende, Ile beat her blacke and blew: yfaith Ile not fayle you Minion.

Mother M. Faith, at thy requeſt, Ile take her home and try her a weeke longer.

Nurſe. Come on Huſwife, pleaſe your Granam, and be a good Wench, and you ſhall ha my bleſsing.

Mother M. Come follow vs good Wench.

Exeunt Mother Mid. and Nurſe: manet Peg.

Pegge. I, farewell, faire weather after you.
Your bleſsing quotha? Ile not giue a ſingle halpenny fort.
Who would liue vnder a mothers noſe, & a Granams tong?
A Maide can not loue, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap, but heer's ſuch tittle tattle, and doe not ſo, and be not ſo light, and be not ſo fond, and doe not kiſſe, and doe not loue, and

I cannot tell what,
And I muſt loue, an I hang for't. *Shee ſinges.*
A ſweete thing is Loue,
That rules both heart and minde:
There is no comfort in the World,
To Women that are kinde.
Well, Ile not ſtay with her: Stay quo'tha?
To be yold and iold at, and tumbled, and thumbled, and toſt, and turn'd, as I am by an old Hagge,
I will not, no I will not yfayth.

Enter Will Cricket.

But ſtay, I muſt put on my ſmirking lookes, and ſmyling countenance:
For heere comes one makes bomination ſuit to be my ſprus'd husband.

Will. Lord, that my heart would ſerue mee to ſpeake to her, now ſhe talkes of her ſprus'd husband.
Well, Ile ſet a good face on't,
Now Ile clap mee as cloſe to her as *Iones* buttockes of a cloſe ſtoole, and come ouer her with my rowling, rattling, rumbling eloquence.
Sweete *Pegge*, honny *Pegge*, fine *Pegge*, daintie *Pegge*, braue *Pegge*, kind *Pegge*, comely *Pegge*, my nutting, my ſweeting, my Loue, my Doue, my honnie, my bunnie, my Ducke, my deare, and my deareling:
Grace me with thy pleaſant eyes,
And loue without delay:
And caſt not with thy crabbed lookes,
A proper man away.

Pegge. Why *William*, What's the matter?

Will. What's the matter, quotha?
Fayth I ha been in a faire taking for you; a bots on you:
For tother day after I had ſeene you, preſently my bellie began to rumble:
What's the matter, thought I?
With that I bethought my ſelfe, and the ſweete comporte-

nance

nance of that ſame ſweet round face of thine came into my minde:
Out went I, and Ile be ſworne I was ſo neere taken, that I was faine to cut all my Poynts.
And doſt heare *Pegge?*
If thou doſt not grant mee thy good will in the way of marriage;
Firſt and formoſt Ile run out of my cloathes, and then out of my wits for tnee.

Pegge. Nay *William*, I would be loth you ſhould doe ſo for mee.

Will. Will you looke merrily on me, and loue me then?

Pegge. Fayth I care not greatly if I doe.

Will. Care not greatly if I doe? what an anſwer's that? If thou wilt ſay, I *Pegge* take thee *William* to my ſpruce Husband.

Peg. Why ſo I will; but we muſt haue more companie for witneſſes firſt.

Will. That needs not: heer's good ſtore of young men and Maydes heere.

Peg. Why then heer's my hand.

Will. Fayth thats honeſtly ſpoken: ſay after mee:
I *Pegge Pudding*, promiſe thee *Williams Cricket*,
That Ile hold thee for mine owne ſweete Lilly,
While I haue a head in mine eye, and a face on my noſe, a mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman ſhould haue from the crowne of my foote, to the ſoale of my head:
Ile claſpe thee and clip thee, coll thee and kiſſe thee,
Till I be better then naught, and worſe then nothing:
When thou art ready to ſleepe, Ile be ready to ſnort:
When thou art in health, Ile be in gladneſſe:
When thou art ſicke, Ile be readie to die:
When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:
And therevpon I ſtrike thee good lucke:
Well ſayd yfaith:
O I could finde in my hoſe to pocket thee in my heart.
Come my heart of gold, lets haue a daunce at the making

vp of this match:
Strike vp *Tom Piper*. *They daunce.*
Come *Pegge*, Ile take the paines to bring the homeward,
And at twylight, looke for mee againe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Robin Goodfellow and Peter Ploddall.

Robin. Come hi-ther my honeſt friend: M. *Churms* told mee you had a ſute to mee,
What's the matter?

Peter. Pray ye ſir, is your name *Robin Goodfellow?*

Robin. My name is *Robin Goodfellow.*

Peter. Mary ſir, I heare y'are a very cunning man ſir;
And ſirreuerence of your worſhip ſir, I am going a woeing to one Miſtreſſe *Lelia*, a Gentlewoman here hard by:
Pray ye ſir, tell me how I ſhould behaue my ſelfe, to get her to my Wife?
For ſir, there is a Scholler about her:
Now if you can tell me, how I ſhould wipe his noſe of her, I would beſtow a fee of you.

Robin. Let mee ſee't, and thou ſhalt ſee what Ile ſay to thee. *He giues him money.*
Well, follow my counſell, and Ile warrant thee;
Ile giue thee a Loue-powder for thy Wench,
And a kind of *Nux vomica* in a potion, ſhal make her come off y faſt.

Peter. Shall I trouble you ſo farre to take ſome paines with mee?
I am loth to haue the dodge.

Robin. Tuſh, feare not the dodge;
Ile rather put on my flaſhing redde Noſe, and my flaming Face, and come wrapt in a Calues-skin and cry bo ho:
Ile fray the Scholler I warrant thee.
But firſt goe to her, try what thou canſt doe;
Perhaps ſheele loue thee without any further adoe:
But thou muſt tell her, thou haſt a good ſtocke, ſome hunderd or two a yeare, & that wil ſet her hard I warrant thee.

For

For by'th Maſſe, I was once in good comfort to haue coſend a Wench:
And wots thou what I told her?
I told her I had a hundred pound land a yeare, in a place where I haue not the breadth of my little finger.
I promiſed her to infeoffe her in Fourtie pounds a yeare of it: and I thinke of my conſcence, if I had had but as good a Face as thine,
I ſhould haue made her haue curſt the time that euer ſhee ſee in.
And thus muſt thou doe, crake, and lye, and face,
And thou ſhalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not doe ſo, for I may ſay, and ſay true,
I haue Lands and Liuing inough for a countrie fellow.

Robin. Barlady ſo had not I, I was faine to ouerreach, as many times I doe:
But now experience hath taught mee ſo much craft, that I excell in cunning.

Peter. Well ſir, then Ile be bold to truſt your cunning, and ſo Ile bid you farewell, and goe forward:
Ile to her, thats flat.

Robin. Doe ſo: and les me heare how you ſpeede.

Peter. That I will ſir. *Exit Peter.*

Robin. Well, a good beginning, makes a good end,
Heer's ten greates for doing nothing:
I con Maiſter *Churms* thankes for this,
For this was his deuiſe;
And therefore Ile goe ſeeke him out, and giue him a quart of Wine,
And know of him how he deales with the Scholler. *Exit.*

Enter Churms and Sophos.

Churms. Why? looke you ſir, by the Lord I can but wonder at her Father,
Hee knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing vp:
And though your wealth be not anſwerable to his,
Yet by heauens I thinke, you are worthy to doe farre bet-

ter then *Lelia*, yet I know ſhe loues you dearely.

Sophos. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamor Cham*,
Ioyde not ſo much in his imperiall Crowne,
As *Sophos* ioyes in *Lelias* hop't-for loue;
Whoſe lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,
And make the proud beholders ſtand at gaze,
To draw Loues picture from her glauncing eye.

Chur. And I wil ſtretch my wits vnto he higheſt ſtraine,
To further *Sophos* in his wiſht deſires.

Sophos. Thankes gentle ſir. *Enter Gripe.*
But truce a while, here comes her father,
I muſt ſpeake a word or two with him. *ſpeakes to himſelfe.*

Churms. I, hele giue you your anſwere (I warrant ye.)

Sophos. God ſaue you ſir.

Gripe. O Maiſter *Sophos*, I haue longed to ſpeake with you a great while,
I heare you ſeeke my daughter *Lelias* loue,
I hope you will not ſeeke to diſhoneſt mee, nor diſgrace my Daughter.

Sophos. No ſir, a man may aſke a yea,
A Woman may ſay nay.
Shee is in choyce to take her choyce:
Yet I muſt confeſſe I loue *Lelia*.

Gripe. Sir, I muſt be plaine with you: I like not of your loue,
Lelia's mine, Ile chooſe for *Lelia*,
And therefore I would wiſh you not to frequent my houſe any more:
Its better for you to ply your Booke, and ſeeke for ſome preferment that way, then to ſeeke for a Wife before you know how to maintaine her.

Sophos. I am not rich, I am not very poore:
I neither want, nor euer ſhall exceed;
The meane is my content, I liue twixt two extreames.

Gripe. Well, well, I tell yee, I like not ye ſhould come to my houſe, and preſume ſo proudly to match your poore pedigree with my Daughter *Lelia*; and therefore I charge you

you to get you off of my ground, come no more at my Houſe:
I like not this Learning without Liuing, I.

Sophos. Hee needes muſt goe, that the Diuell driues.
Sic Virtus ſine Cenſu languet. *Exit Sophos.*

Gripe. O M. *Charms*, cry you mercy ſir, I ſaw not you: I thinke I haue ſent the Scholler away with a flea in his eare.
I trow heele come no more at my houſe.

Charms. No, for if he do, you may indite him for comming of your ground.

Gripe. Well, now Ile home, and keepe in my daughter,
She ſhall neither goe to him, nor tend to him:
Ile watch her (Ile warrant her.)
Before God, Maiſter *Charms*, it is the peeuiſheſt girle that euer I knew in my life, ſhee will not be rul'd, I doubt:
Pray ye ſir, doe you indeauour to perſwade her to take *Peter Ploddall.*

Charms. I warrant ye, Ile perſwade her, feare not.
Exeunt.

Enter Lelia and Nurſe.

Lelia. What ſorrow ſeiſeth on my heauie heart?
Conſuming care poſſeſſeth euery part:
Heart-ſad *Erimis* keepes his manſion heere
Within the cloſure of my wofull breaſt;
And blacke Deſpaire with Yron Scepter ſtandes,
And guides my thoughts, downe to his hateſull Cell.
The wanton Windes with whiſtling murmure beare
My pearcing plaints along the deſart Plaines:
And Woods and Groues doe eccho foorth my woes:
The Earth below relents in chriſtall teares,
When Heauens aboue, by ſome malignant courſe
Of fatall Starres, are authors of my griefe.
Fond Loue, goe hide thy Shaftes in Follies den,
And let the World forget thy Childiſh force,
Or elſe flye, flye, pierce *Sophos* tender breaſt,

That he may helpe to ſympathize theſe plaints
That wring theſe teares from *Lelias* weeping eyes.

Nurſe. Why, how now Miſtreſſe, What is it Loue that makes you weepe, and toſſe, and turne ſo a nights when you are in bed?
Saint *Leonard* graunt you fall not loue ſicke.

Lelia. I, that's the poynt, that pierceth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vitall threed,
And ſo make lauiſh of my loathed life:
Or gentle Heauens would ſmile with faire aſpect,
And ſo giue better fortunes to my loue.
Why, iſt not a plague to be a priſoner to mine own father?

Nurſe. Yes, ant's a ſhame for him to vſe you ſo too.
But be of good cheare Miſtreſſe, Ile go to *Sophos* euery day,
Ile bring you tidings, and tokens too from him, (Ile warrant yee,) and if he wil ſend you a kiſſe or two, Ile bring it;
Let mee alone, I am good at a dead lift:
Marry I can not blame you for louing of *Sophos*,
Why, hee's a man as one ſhould picture him in Waxe.
But Miſtreſſe, out vpon's, wipe your eyes,
For here comes another wooer.

Enter Peter Ploddall.

Peter. Miſtreſſe *Lelia*, God ſpeed you.

Lelia. Thats more then we needs at this time, for we are doing nothing.

Peter. I were as good ſay a good word as a bad.

Lelia. But its more wiſedome to ſay nothing at all, then ſpeake to no purpoſe.

Peter. My purpoſe is to wiue you.

Lelia. And mine is neuer to wed you.

Peter. Belike, y'are in loue with ſome body elſe.

Nurſe. No, but ſhees luſtily promiſ'd:
Heare you, you with long rifle by your ſide, do you lacke a Wife?

Peter. Call you this a rifle? its a good Backe ſword.

Nurſe. Why, then you with Backe ſword, lets ſee your backe.

Peter. Nay, I muſt ſpeake with Miſtreſſe *Lelia* before I goe.

Lelia. What would you with mee?

Peter. Marry, I haue heard very well of you, and ſo has my father too,
And he has ſent mee to you a wocing,
And if you haue any minde of marriage,
I hope I ſhall maintaine you as well as any Husbandmans wife in the Countrie.

Nurſe. Maintaine her, with what?

Peter. Marry, with my Lands and Liuings my Father has promiſ'd mee.

Lelia. I haue heard much of your Wealth, but I neuer knew your Manners before now.

Peter. Fayth, I haue no Manners, but a pretty Homeſtall, and we haue great ſtore of Oxen, and Horſes, and Carts, and Plowes, and Houſhold-ſtuffe bomination:
And great flockes of Sheepe, and flockes of Geeſe, and Capons, and Hens, and Duckes: O, we haue a fine yard of Pullen:
And thanke God, heer's a fine weather for my Fathers Lambes.

Lelia, I can not liue content, in diſcontent:
For as no Muſicke can delight the eares,
Where all the partes of Diſcordes are compoſed:
So Wedlocke bands will ſtill conſiſt in iarres,
Where in condition there's no ſympathie:
Then reſt your ſelfe contented with this anſwere,
I cannot loue.

Peter. Its no matter what you ſay: for my Father told me thus much before I came, that you would be ſomthing nice at firſt; but hee bade mee like you nere the worſe for that, for I were the liker to ſpeed.

Lelia. Then you were beſt leaue off your ſuite till ſome other time: and when my leaſure ſerues mee to loue you, Ile ſend you word.

Peter. Will you? well then Ile take my leaue of you,

and

and if I may heare from you, Ile pay the Meſſenger well for his paines.
But ſtay: Gods death, I had almoſt forgot my ſelfe,
Pray'ee let me kiſſe your hand ere I goe.
Nur. Faith Miſtreſſe, his mouth runs a water for a kiſſe:
A little would ſerue his turne belike:
Let him kiſſe your hand.
Lelia, Ile not ſticke for that. *He kiſſes her hand.*
Peter. Miſtreſſe *Lelia,* God be with you.
Lelia. Farewell *Peter.* *Exet Peter.*
Thus Lucre, ſet in golden Chaire of ſtate,
When Learning's bid, Stand by, and keepes aloofe:
This greedie humor fits my fathers vaine,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gaine.

Enter Churms.

Nurſe. Miſtreſſe, take heed you ſpeake nothing that will beare action, for here comes M. *Churms* the Pettifogger.
Churms. Miſtreſſe *Lelia,* reſt you merry:
What's the reaſon you & your *Nurſe* walke here all alone?
Lelia. Becauſe, ſir, we deſire no other companie but our owne.
Churms. Would I were then your owne,
That I might keepe you companie.
Nurſe. O ſir, you and hee that is her owne, are farre aſunder.
Churms. But if ſhee pleaſe, wee may be neerer.
Lelia. That can not bee: mine owne is neerer then my ſelfe:
And yet my ſelfe, alas, am not mine owne;
Thoughts, Feares, Deſpaires, tenne thouſand dreadfull Dreames:
Thoſe are mine owne, and theſe doe keepe me companie.
Churms. Before God, I muſt confeſſe, your Father is too cruell,
To keepe you thus ſequeſtred from the world,
To ſpend your prime of youth, thus in obſcuritie,

And

And ſecke to wed you to an idiot foole,
That knowes not how to vſe him ſelfe:
Could my deſertes but anſwere my deſires,
I ſweare by *Sol* faire *Phœbus* ſiluer eye,
My heart would wiſh no higher to aſpire,
Then to be grac'd with *Lelias* loue.
By *Ieſus*, I cannot play the diſſembler,
And woe my loue with courting ambages,
Like one whoſe loue hangs on his ſmooth tongues ende,
But in a word, I tell the ſumme of my deſires,
I loue faire *Lelia*.
By her my paſsions dayly are increaſ'd,
And I muſt die, vnleſſe by *Lelias* loue they be releaſ'd.

Lelia. Why Maſter *Churms*, I had thought you had bin my fathers great Counſellor in all theſe actions.

Churms. Nay, damne mee if I bee:
By Heauens, ſweete Nymph I am not.

Nurſe. Maſter *Churms*, you are one can doe much with her father: and if you loue her as you ſay, perſwade him to vſe her more kindly, and giue her libertie to take her choyſe: for theſe made mariages prooue not well.

Churms. I proteſt I will.

Lelia. So *Lelia* ſhall accept thee as her friend:
Meane while, *Nurſe* lets in:
My long abſence I know, will make my father muſe.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurſe.

Churms. So *Lelia* ſhall accept thee as her friend:
Who can but ruminate vpon theſe wordes?
Would ſhe had ſayd, her loue:
But tis no matter, firſt creepe, and then goe;
Now her friend: the next degree, is *Lelias* loue.
Well, Ile perſwade her father to let her haue a little more libertie.
But ſoft, Ile none of that neither,
So the Scholler may chaunce cooſen mee.
Perſwade him to keepe her in ſtill:
And before ſhele haue *Peter Ploddall*, ſhele haue any body.

And ſo I ſhall be ſure that *Sophos* ſhall neuer come at her:
Why Ile warrant ye, ſheele be glad to run away with me at length.
Hang him that has no ſhiftes:
I promiſ'd *Sophos*, to further him in his ſuite:
But if I doe, Ile be peckt to death with Hens.
I ſwore to *Gripe*, I would perſwade *Lelia* to loue *Peter Pleddall*;
But God forgiue me, twas the furtheſt end of my thought.
Tut, whats an othe? euery man for himſelfe:
Ile ſhift for one, I warrant ye. *Exit.*

Enter Fortunatus, ſolus.

Fortu. Thus haue I paſt the beating Billowes of the ſea,
By *Ithacs* rockes, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
And wafted ſafe, from *Mars* his bloody fieldes,
Where Trumpets ſound Tantara to the fight,
And heere arriu'd for to repoſe my ſelfe
Vpon the borders of my natiue ſoyle.
Now *Fortunatus* bend thy happie courſe
Vnto thy Fathers houſe, to greete thy deareſt friends:
And if that ſtill thy aged Sire ſurniue,
Thy preſence will reuiue his drouping ſpirits, (blood
And cauſe his withered cheekes be ſprent with youthfull
Where death of late was portraid to the quicke.
But ſoft, who comes heere? *Stand aſide.*

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. I wonder I heare not of Maiſter *Clowns*,
I would faine know how he ſpeedes,
And what ſucceſſe he hath in *Lelias* loue:
Well, if he cooſen the Scholler of her,
Twould make my worſhip laugh:
And if hee haue her, hee may ſay, God a-mercy *Robin Goodfellow*.
Oh, ware a good head, as long as you liue.
Why, Maiſter *Gripe* he caſtes beyond the Moone,

And

And *Churms* is the onely man hee puts in truſt with his daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old Churle would take it vpon his ſaluation, that hee will perſwade her to marrie *Peter Ploddall*: But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddall*,
Ile looke him i'th face, and picke his purſe,
Whil'ſt *Churms* cooſen him of his Wench,
And my old grandſir Holdfaſt of his Daughter.
And if he can doe ſo,
Ile teach him a tricke to cooſen him of his Gold too.
Now for *Sophos*, let him weare the Willow Garland,
And play the melancholie Malecontent,
And plucke his Hat downe in his ſullen eyes,
And thinke on *Lelia*, in theſe deſart Groues:
Tis ynough for him to haue her in his thoughts,
Although he nere imbrace her in his armes.
But now, there's a fine deuiſe comes in my head,
To ſcarre the Scholler:
You ſhall ſee, Ile make fine ſport with him.
They ſay, that euery day he keepes his walke
Amongſt theſe Woods and melancholy Shades,
And on the Barke of euery ſenceleſſe Tree,
Ingraues the tenour of his hapleſſe hope.
Now when hee's at *Venus* Alter at his Oriſons,
Ile put me on my great carnarion Noſe,
And wrap me in a rowſing Calueskin ſuite,
And come like ſome Hob-goblin, or ſome Diuell
Aſcended from the grieſly pit of Hell,
And like a Scarbabe, make him take his legges:
Ile play the Diuell, I warrant ye. *Exit Robin Goodfel.*

Fortunatus. And if you doe (by this hand) Ile play the Coniurer.
Bluſh *Fortunatus*, at the baſe conceit,
To ſtand aloofe, like one that's in a traunce,
And with thine eyes behold that miſcreant Impe,
(Whoſe tongue more venome then the Serpents ſting)
Before thy face thus taunt thy deareſt friends:
I, thine owne Father with reprochfull termes,

Thy ſiſter *Lelia*, ſhee is bought and ſold,
And learned *Sophos*, thy thriſe vowed friend,
Is made a ſtale by this baſe curſed crew,
And damned den of vagrant runnagates:
But heere in ſight of ſacred Heauens, I ſweare,
By all the ſorrowes of the *Stygian* ſoules,
By *Mars* his bloody Blade, and faire *Bellonas* Bowers,
I vow, theſe eyes ſhall nere behold my fathers face,
Theſe feete ſhall neuer paſſe theſe deſart plaines:
But Pilgrime-like, Ile wander in theſe Woods,
Vntill I finde out *Sophos* ſecret walkes,
And ſound the depth of all their plotted drifts:
Nor will I ceaſe vntill theſe hands reuenge
Th'iniurious wrong that's offred to my friend,
Vpon the workers of this ſtratageme. *Exit.*

Enter Pegge, ſola.

Pegge. Yfayth, yfayth, I cannot tell what to doe,
I loue, and I loue, and I cannot tell who:
Out vpon this Loue:
For wot you what? I haue ſutors comes huddle, twoes vpon twoes, and threes vpon threes; and what thinke you troubles mee?
I muſt chat & kiſſe with all commers, or elſe no bargaine.

Enter Will Cricket, and kiſſes her.

Will. A bargine yfayth: ha my ſweete honny-ſops, how dooſt thou?

Pegge. Well I thanke you *William*, now I ſee y'are a man of your word.

Will. A man of my word quotha? why I nere broke promiſe in my life that I kept.

Pegge. No *William*, I know you did not;
But I had thought you had forgotten mee.

Will. Doſt heare *Pegge*? if ere I forget thee,
I pray God I may neuer remember thee.

Pegge. Peace, heere comes my Gramam *Midnight*.

Enter

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother M. What *Pegge*? what hoe? what *Pegge* I say?
What *Pegge* my Wench?
Why where art thou trow?

Pegge. Heere Granam, at yon elbow.

Mother M. What mak'ſt heere this twatter light?
I thinke th'art in a dreame,
I thinke the foole haunts thee.

Will. Sounds, foole in your face: foole? O monſtrous intitulation.
Foole? O diſgrace to my perſon: ſounds, foole not me, for I cannot brooke ſuch a cold raſher I can tell you: giue me but ſuch an other word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer, eeu of thy Butter-tooth, thou toothleſſe Troth-thou.

Mother M. Nay *William*, pray yee be not angry, you muſt beare with old folkes,
They be old and teaſtie, hot and haſtie: ſet not your witte againſt mine, *William*,
For I thought you no harme by my troth.

Will. Well, your good words haue ſomething laide my coller.
But Granam, ſhall I be ſo bold to come to your houſe now and then to keepe *Pegge* companie?

Mother M. I, and beſhrew thy good heart and thou doeſt not:
Come, and weele haue a piece of a Barley Bag-pudding, or ſomething,
And thou ſhalt be very heartily welcome, that thou ſhalt,
And *Pegge* ſhall bid thee welcome too: pray ye Maide, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay hee's a good proper ſpringold.

Pegge. Granam, if you did but ſee him daunce, twould doe your heart good:
Lord, twould make any body loue him, to ſee how finely heele foote it.

Moth. M. *William*, prithee goe home to my houſe with vs, and taſte a cup of our Beere, and learne to know the

way againe another time.

Will. Come on Granam, Ile man you home yfaith:
Come *Pegge*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, and his ſonne Peter, and Churmes the Lawyer.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, hold vp your head: wheres your cap and legge, ſir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leaue maiſter *Gripe*.

Grip. Welcome *Peter*, giue me thy hand: th'art welcome; Baslady, thi's a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour: call you him a Boy?

Ploddall. A good prettie ſquare Springold ſir.

Gripe. Peter, you ha ſeene my Daughter I am ſure: how doe you like her?
What ſayes ſhee to you?

Peter. Fayth I like her well, & I haue broken my minde to her, and ſhe would ſay neither I nor no:
But, thanke God ſir, we parted good friends,
For ſhe let me kiſſe her hand, and bad, Farewell *Peter*,
And therefore I thinke I am like enough to ſpeede:
How thinke you Maiſter *Churmes*?

Churmes. Marry I thinke ſo too,
For ſhe did ſhew no token of any diſlike of your motion, did ſhee?

Peter. No not a whit ſir.

Churmes. Why, then I warrant yee:
For we hold in our Law, that, *Idem eſt non apparere & non eſſe.*

Gripe. Maiſter *Churmes*, I pray you doe ſo much as call my Daughter hither.
I will make her ſure heere to *Peter Ploddall*, and Ile deſire you to be a witneſſe.

Churmes. With all my heart ſir. *Exit Churmes.*

Gripe. Before God, Neighbour, this ſame M. *Churmes* is a very good Lawer: for Ile warrant, you cannot ſpeake any thing, but he has Law for it *ad unguem*.

Ploddall.

Ploddall. Marry een the more ioy on him,
And hee's one that I am very much beholding to:
But heere comes your Daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia, and Nurſe.

Lelia. Father, did you ſend for mee?

Gripe. I Wench I did: come hither *Lelia*, giue mee thy hand.
Maiſter *Churms*, I pray you beare witneſſe,
I here giue *Lelia* to *Po. Ploddall.* *She plucks away her hand.*
How now?

Nurſe. Sheele none, ſhe thankes you ſir.

Gripe. Will ſhe none? Why how now, I ſay?
What? you pewling peeuiſh thing, you vntoward baggage
Will you not be rul'd by your Father?
Haue I tane care to bring you vp to this?
And will you doe as you liſt?
Away I ſay, hang, ſtarue, begge; be gone, packe I ſay:
Out of my ſight,
Thou nere gets Penny-worth of my goods, for this:
Thinke ont, I do not vſe to ieſt: *Exeunt Lelia*
Be gon I ſay; I will not heare thee ſpeake. *and Nurſe.*

Churms. I pray you ſir patient your ſelfe: ſhees young.

Gripe. I hold my life this beggerly Scholler bankers about her ſtill, makes her ſo vntoward:
But Ile home, Ile ſet her a harder taske:
Ile keep her in, & looke to her a litle better then I ha done,
Ile make her haue little minde of gadding, I warrant her.
Come Neighbour, ſend your Sonne to my houſe, for hee's welcome thither, and ſhalbe welcome; and Ile make *Lelia* bid him welcome too ere I ha done with her.
Come *Peter*, follow vs. *Exeunt all but Churms.*

Churms. Why this is excellent, better and better ſtill,
This is beyond expectation:
Why now this geare begins to worke,
But beſhrew my heart, I was afraide that *Lelia* would haue yeelded, when I ſaw her father take her by the hand & call

mee

me for a witneſſe, my heart began to quake.
But to ſay the truth, ſhee had little reaſon to take a Cullian, lug-loafe, milkſop ſlaue;
When ſhe may haue a Lawyer, a Gentleman that ſtandes vpon his reputation in the Country:
One whoſe diminutiue defecte of Law may compare with his little Learning:
Well, I ſee that *Charms* muſt be the man muſt carry *Lelia*, when all's done.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. How now Maiſter *Charms*, what newes abroad? Mee thinkes you looke very ſpruce: y'are very frolicke now alate.

Charms. What fellow *Robin*, how goes the ſquares with you?
Y'are waxen very proude alate, you will not know your old friends.

Robin. Fayth I een came to ſeeke you, to beſtow a quart of wine of you.

Charms. Thats ſtrange: you were nere wont to be ſo liberall.

Robin. Tuſh man, one good turne askes another: cleare gaines man, cleare gaines:
Peter Ploddall ſhall pay for all: I haue guld him once,
And Ile come ouer him againe and againe, I warrant ye.

Charms. Faith, *Lelia* has een giuen him the doff off here, and has made her father almoſt ſtarke mad.

Robin. O all the better, then I ſhall be ſure of more of his cuſtome.
But what ſucceſſe haue you in your ſute with her?

Charms. Fayth all hitherto goes well,
I haue made the motion to her,
But as yet we are growne to no concluſion:
But I am in very good hope.

Robin. But doe you thinke you ſhall get her Fathers good will?

Charms. Tut, if I get the Wench, I care not for that:

That

That will come afterward:
And Ile be ſure of ſome thing in the meane time.
For I haue outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,
And Ile gather vp what mony I can amongſt them,
And *Gripe* ſhall nere know of it neither.

Robin. I, and of thoſe that are ſcarſe able to pay,
Take the one halfe and forgiue them the other, rather then
ſit out at all.

Charmes. Tuſh let me alone for that:
But ſirra, I haue brought the Scholler into a fools Paradiſe:
Why, he has made me his ſpokeſman to Miſtreſſe *Lelia.*
And Gods my Iudge, I nere ſo much as name him to hir.

Robin. O bith mas well remembred,
Ile tell you what I meane to doe,
Ile attire my ſelfe fit for the ſame purpoſe,
Like to ſome helliſh Hag or damned fiend,
And meete with *Sophos* wandring in the woods;
O I ſhall fray him terribly.

Charmes. I would thou couldſt ſcarre him out of his wits:
Then ſhould I ha the wench cocke ſure,
I doubt no body but him.

Robin. Well, lets goe drinke together;
And then Ile goe put on my diueliſh roabes,
I meane my Chriſtmas Calues skin ſute,
And then walke to the woodes;
O Ile terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter Sophos ſolus.

Sophos Will heauens ſtill ſmile at *Sophos* miſeries,
And giue no end to my vnceſſant mones?
Theſe Cipreſſe ſhades are witneſſe of my woes,
The ſenſeleſſe trees do grieue at my laments,
The leauie branches drop ſweete *Myrrhas* teares,
For loue did ſcorne me in my mothers wombe,
And ſullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,
With all the fatall ſtarres conſpir'd in one,
To frame a hapleſſe conſtellation,

Preſaging *Sophos* luckleſſe deſtinie.
Here, here, doth *Sophos* turne *Ixions* reſtleſſe wheele,
And here lies wrapt in labyrinths of loue,
Of his ſweete *Lelias* loue, whoſe ſole *Idea* ſtill
Prolongs the hapleſſe date of *Sophos* hopeleſſe life:
Ah, ſaid I life? a life farre worſe then death.
Then death? I then ten thouſand deaths.
I daily die, in that I liue loues thrall,
They die thriſe happie, that once die for all.
Here will I ſtay my weary wandering ſteps,
And lay me downe vpon this ſolid earth, *He lies downe.*
The mother of diſpaire and balefull thoughts,
I, this befits my melancholy moodes:
Now, now me thinkes I heare the prettie Birdes,
With warbling tunes record faire *Lelias* name,
Whoſe abſence makes warme blood drop from my heart,
And forceth watry teares from theſe my weeping eyes:
Me thinkes I heare the ſiluer ſounding ſtreames,
With gentle murmur ſummon mee to ſleepe,
Singing a ſweete melodious lullabie:
Heere will I take a nap, and drowne my hapleſſe hopes,
In the Ocean ſeas of Neuer-like to ſpeed.
He falls in a ſlumber, and Muſicke ſounds.

Enter Syluanus.

Syluanus. Thus hath *Syluanus* left his leauie Bowers,
Drawne by the ſound of Ecchoes ſad reportes,
That with ſhrill notes, and high reſounding voyce,
Doth pierce the very Cauerns of the earth,
And ringes through Hils and Dales the ſad laments
Of Virtues loſſe, and *Sophos* mournfull plaints.
Now *Morpheus*, rowſe thee from thy ſable Den,
Charme all his ſenſes with a ſlumbering traunce,
Whil'ſt old *Syluanus* ſend a louely traine
Of Satyrs Driades, and watry Nymphes,
Out of their Bowers, to tune their ſiluer ſtringes,

And

And with ſweete ſounding Muſicke ſing
Some pleaſing Madrigalles and Roundelayes,
To comfort *Sophos* in his deepe diſtreſſe. *Exit Syluanus.*

Enter the Nymphes and Satyres ſinging.

THE SONGE.

1

SAtyres ſing, let Sorrow keepe her Cell,
Let warbling Ecchoes ring,
And ſounding Muſicke yell
Through Hils, through Dales, ſad griefe and care to kill:
In him long ſince alas hath griu'd his fill.

2

Sleepe no more, but wake and liue content,
Thy griefe the Nymphes deplore:
The Syluan Gods lament
To heare, to ſee thy mone, thy loſſe, thy loue:
Thy plaints, to teares the flintie Rockes do moue.

3

Grieue not then, the Queene of Loue is milde,
Shee ſweetly ſmiles on men,
When Reaſons moſt beguil'd:
Her lookes, her ſmiles, are kind, are ſweete, are faire:
Awake therefore, and ſleepe not ſtill in care.

4

Loue intendes, to free thee from anoy,
His Nymphes Syluanus ſendes,
To bid thee liue in ioy,
In hope, in ioy, ſweete loue delights imbrace:
Faire Loue her ſelfe, will yeeld thee ſo much grace.
Exeunt the Nymphes and Satyres.

Sophos. What do I heare? what harmony is this?
With ſiluer ſound that glutteth *Sophos* eares?
And diuers ſad paſſions from his heauy heart,
Preſaging ſome good future-hap ſhall fall,
After theſe bluſtring blaſts of diſcontent:
Thanks gentle Nymphes and Satyres too, adiew,
That thus compaſſionate a loyall louers woe,
When heauens ſit ſmiling at his dire miſhapes.

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. With weary ſteps I trace theſe deſart groues
And ſearch to find out *Sophos* ſecret walkes
My trueſt vowed friend and *Lelias* deareſt loue.
Sop What voice is this ſounds *Lelias* ſacred name? *He riſeth.*
Is it ſome Satyre that hath view'd her late,
Ands growne in amour'd of her gorgeous hew?

Fortunatus. No Satyre *Sophos*; but thy ancient friend:
whoſe deareſt bloud doth reſt at thy command.
Hath ſorrow lately blear'd thy watry eyes,
That thou forgetſt the laſting league of loue,
Long ſince was vow'd betwixt thy ſelfe and me?
Looke on me man: I am thy friend.

Sophos. O now I know thee, now thou nameſt my friend:
I haue no friend to whom I dare
vnload the burthen of my griefe,
But onely *Fortunatus*, hees my ſecond ſelfe,
Mi Fortunate ter Fortunate venus.

Fort. How fares my friend? me thinks you look not wel:
Your eyes are ſunk, your cheekes looke pale and wan,
What meanes this alteration?

Sophos. My mind ſweete friend is like a maſtleſſe ſhip,
Thats hurld and toſt vpon the ſurging ſeas,
By *Boreas* bitter blaſts and *Eoles* whiſtling winds,
On Rockes and ſands, farre from the wiſhed port
Whereon my ſilly ſhip deſires to land;
Faire *Lelias* loue that is the wiſhed hauen,
Wherein my wandring mind would take repoſe,
For want of which my reſtleſſe thoughts are toſt:

For

For want of which, all *Sophos* ioyes are loſt.
Fort. Doth *Sophos* loue my ſiſter *Lelia?*
Sophos. She, ſhe, it is whoſe loue I wiſh to gaine:
Nor neede I wiſh, nor do I loue in vaine,
My loue ſhee doth repay with equall meede:
Tis ſtrange youle ſay that *Sophos* ſhould not ſpeede
Fortunatus. Your loue repayd with equall meede:
And yet you languiſh ſtill in loue? tis ſtrange: (friend,
From whence proceeds your griefe? vnfold vnto your
A friend may yeeld reliefe.
Sophos. My want of wealth is author of my griefe,
Your father ſayes, my ſtate is too, too lowe. (loue:
I am no Hobbie bred; I may not ſoare ſo high, as *Lelias*
The loftie Egle will not catch at flies.
When I with *Icarus* would ſoare againſt the Sunne
He is the onely fierie *Phaeton* denies my courſe,
And ſcares my waxen winges, when as I ſoare aloft:
He mewes faire *Lelia* vp from *Sophos* ſight,
That not ſo much as paper, pleades remorſe:
Thrice three times *Sol* hath ſlept in *Thetis* lap,
Since theſe nine eyes beheld ſweet *Lelias* face.
What greater griefe? what other Hell then this?
To be denied to come where my beloued is.
Fortunatus, Do you alone loue *Lelia?*
Haue you no riuals with you in your loue?
Sophos. Yes, onely one, and him your father backs,
Tis *Peter Ploddall,* rich *Ploddalls* ſonne and heire,
One, whoſe baſe ruſticke rude deſert
Vnworthy farre to win ſo faire a prize,
Yet meanes your father for to mart a match,
For golden Lucre with this *Corydon,*
And ſcornes at vertues lore: hence growes my griefe.
Fortunat. If it be true I heare, there is one *Churmo,* beſide,
Makes ſuit to win my ſiſter to his bride.
Sophos. That cannot be, *Churmo* is my vowed friend,
Whoſe tongue relates the tenor of my loue
To *Lelias* eares, I haue no other meanes.

Fortu. Well, truſt him not: the Tiger hides his Clawes,
When oft he doth pretend the greateſt guiles.
But ſtay: heere comes *Lelias* Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe.

Sophos. *Nurſe*, what newes?
How fares my Loue?

Nurſe. How fares ſhee quotha? Marry ſhee may fare how ſhee will for you: Neither come to her, nor ſende to her of a whole fourtnight?
Now I ſweare to you by my Maydenhead, if my Husband ſhould haue ſeru'd me ſo when he came a wooing to mee, I would neuer haue lookt on him with a good face as long as I had liued.
But he was as kind a wretch as euer layd lips of a Woman: He would a come through Windowes, or Doores, or wals, or any thing, but he would haue come to mee.
Marry, after we had been married a while, his kindneſſe began to ſlacke, for Ile tell you what he did:
He made me beleeue he would goe to Greene-gooſe faire, and Ile be ſworne, he tooke his legges and ranne cleane away:
And I am afraide youle prooue eene ſuch another kinde peece to my Miſtreſſe: for ſhee ſits at home in a corner weeping for you; and Ile be ſworne, ſhees readie to die vpward for you:
And her father oth other ſide, he yoles at her, and ioles at her: and ſhe leades ſuch a life for you, it paſſes; and youle neither come to her, nor ſend to her:
Why, ſhee thinkes you haue forgotten her.

Sophos. Nay, then let heauens in ſorrow end my dayes,
And fatall Fortune neuer ceaſe to frowne:
And heauen and earth, and all conſpire to pull me downe,
If blacke Obliuion ſeiſe vpon my heart
Once to eſtrange my thoughts from *Lelias* loue.

Fortunatus. Why *Nurſe*, I am ſure that *Lelia* heares from *Sophos* once a day at leaſt, by *Churms* the Lawyer,
Who is his onely frind.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. What, yong Maiſter? God bleſſe mine eye ſight,
Now by my Maydenhead y'are welcome home,
I am ſure my Miſtreſſe will be glad to ſee you.
But what ſayd you of Maiſter *Churms*?

Fortu. Marry, I ſay hee's a wel-willer to my ſiſter *Leſſa*,
And a ſecret friend to *Sophos*.

Nurſe. Marry the Diuel he is: truſt him, and hang him:
Why, hee cannot ſpeake a good word on him to my old Maiſter; and he does ſo ruffle before my Miſtreſſe with his barbarian elopuence, and ſtrut before her in a paire of *Polonian* legges, as if hee were Gentleman Vſher to the great *Turke*, or to the Diuell of *Dowgate*:
And if my Miſtreſſe would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might go ſnik-vp: But he has ſuch a buttermilke face, that ſheele neuer haue him.

Sophos. Can Falſhood lurke in thoſe inticing lookes?
And deepe Diſſemblance lie, where Truth appeares?

Fortunatus. Iniurious villaine, to betray his friend!

Nurſe. Sir, doe you know the Gentleman?

Fortu. Fayth not well.

Nurſe. Why ſir, he lookes like a red Hearing at a Noble mans table on Eaſter day, and he ſpeakes nothing but Almond-butter, and Suger-candie.

Fortu. Thats excellent.

Sophos. This world's the *Chaos* of confuſion:
No world at all but Maſſe of open wrongs,
Wherein a man, as in a Map, may ſee
The high road way from woe to miſerie.

Fortu. Content your ſelfe, and leaue theſe paſſions,
Now doe I ſound the deapth of all their driftes,
The Diuels deuiſe, and *Churms* his knauerie:
On whom this heart hath vowed to be reueng'd.
Ile ſcatter them: the plot's alreadie in my head.
Nurſe, hie thee home, commende me to my ſiſter:
Bid her this night ſend for Maiſter *Churms*,
To him ſhe muſt recount her many grietes.
Exclay me againſt her Fathers hard conſtraint,

And

And ſo cunningly temporize with this cunning *Caſſe*,
That he may thinke ſhe loues him as her life,
Bid her tell him, that if by any meanes,
He can conuey her forth her fathers gate,
Vnto a ſecret friend of hers;
The way to whom lyes by this forreſt ſide,
That none but he ſhall haue her to his bride.
For her departure let her point the time,
To morrow night: when *Veſper* gins to ſhine,
Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way,
Accompanied with her gentleman Vſher,
Whoſe amarous thoughts do dreame on nought but loue,
And if this Baſtinado hold,
Ile make him leaue his wench with *Sophos* for a pawne:
Let me alone to vſe him in his kind,
This is the trap which for him I haue layd,
Thus craft by cunning once ſhall be betraid,
And for the Diuell, Ile coniure him:
Good *Nurſe* be gon: bid her not faile,
And for a token, beare to her this Ring,
Which well ſhe knowes, for when I ſaw her laſt,
It was her fauour, and ſhe gaue it mee.

Sophos. And beare her this from mee:
And with this Ring, bid her receiue my heart:
My heart? alas, my heart I can not giue,
How ſhould I giue her that which is her owne?

Nurſe And your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
And ſo change is no robberie.
Well, Ile giue her your Tokens, and tell her what ye ſay.

Fortunatus. Do good *Nurſe*: but in any caſe let not my Father know that I am heere, vntill wee haue effected all our purpoſes.

Nurſe. Ile warrant you, I will not play with you,
As Maiſter *Charmes* does with *Sophos*,
I would ha my eares cut from my head firſt. *Exit Nurſe.*

Fortunatus. Come *Sophos*, cheare vp your ſelfe man,
Let Hope expell theſe melancholie dumpes,

Meane

Meane while, lets in,
Expecting how the euentes of this deuiſe will fall,
Vntill to morrow at th'appoynted time,
When weele expect the comming of your Loue.
What man, Ile worke it through the fire,
But you ſhall haue her.

Sophos. And I will ſtudie to deſerue this loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter William Cricket ſolus.

Will. Looke on mee, and looke of Maiſter *Churms*,
A good proper man:
Marry Maiſter *Churms* has ſomething a better paire of Legges indeed:
But for a ſweete Face, a fine Beard, comely Corps,
And a carowſing Codpeece,
All *England* if it can
Shew mee ſuch a man,
To win a Wench by gis,
To clip, to coll, to kiſſe,
As *William Cricket* is.
Why, looke you now: if I had bin ſuch a great long, large, Lobcockt, loſeld Lurden, as Maiſte *Churms* is,
Ile warrant you, I ſhould neuer haue got *Pegge* as long as I had liu'd: for (doe you marke) a Wench will neuer loue a man that has all his ſubſtaunce in his Legges.
But ſtay: heere comes my Landlord,
I muſt goe ſalute him.

Enter old Ploddall, and his ſonne Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didſt thou ſee *Robin Goodfellow*? Hees the man muſt doe the fact.

Peter. Faith Father, I ſee him not this two dayes; but Ile ſeeke him out: for I know heele do the deed, and ſhe were twentie *Leliat*.
For Father, hees a very cunning man: for, giue him but ten groates, and heele giue me a Powder, that will make *Lelia* come to bed to mee:

And when I haue her there, Ile vſe her well ynough.

Ploddall. Will he ſo? Marrie, I will giue him vortie ſhillings, if he can doe it.

Peter. Nay, heele doe more then that too,
For heele make himſelfe like a Diuell, and fray the Scholler that hankers about her, out ons wits.

Ploddall. Marrie Ieſus bleſſe vs: will he ſo?
Marrie thou ſhalt haue vortie ſhillings to giue him, & thy mother ſhall beſtow a hard Cheeſe on him beſide.

Will. Landlord, a pox on you, this good morne.

Ploddall. How now foole? What, doſt curſe me?

Will. How now foole? How now Caterpiller?
Its a ſigne of Dearth, when ſuch Vermine creepe hedges ſo early of morning.

Peter. Sirra, Foule manners, doe you know to whom you ſpeake?

Will. Indeed *Peter*, I muſt confeſſe I want ſome of your wooing manners, or elſe I might haue turnde my faire buſh tayle to you in ſtead of your Father: and haue giuen you the ill ſalutation this morning.

Ploddall. Let him alone *Peter*, Ile temper him well ynough.
Sirra, I heare ſay you muſt be married ſhortly,
Ile make you pay a ſweete fine for your Houſe, for this.
Ha? ſirra, am not I your Landlord?

Will. Yes, for fault of a better; but you get neither ſweet fine, nor ſower fine of mee.

Ploddall. My Maiſters, I pray you beare witneſſe,
I doe diſcharge him then.

Will. My Maiſters, I pray you beare witneſſe,
My Landlord has giuen me a generall diſcharge,
Ile be married preſently, my fines paied: I haue a diſcharge for it. *He offers to goe away.*

Ploddall. Nay prithee ſtay.

Will. No Ile not ſtay, Ile goe call the clearke,
Ile be cried out vpon ith Church preſently,
What ho? What *Clearke* I ſay? where are you? *Enter Clarke.*
Clearke.

Clearke. Who cals me? what would you with me?
Marrie Sir, I would haue you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, oth Towne, or oth Country, can lay any claime to *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring worde to the Crier, or elſe *William Cricket* will wipe his noſe of her.

Clearke. You meane you would be askt ith Church?

Will. I thats it: a bots ont, I cannot hit of theſe marrying tearmes yet.
And Ile deſire my Landlord here and his ſonne, to be at the Celebrauation of my marriage too:
Yfaith *Peter*, you ſhall cramme your guts full of Cheeſe-cakes and Cuſtards there.
And ſirra *Clearke*, if thou wilt ſay Amen ſtoutly:
Yfaith my powderbeefe ſtaue,
Ile haue a rumpe of beefe for thee, ſhall make thy mouth ſtand oth tother ſide.

Clearke. When would you haue it done?

Will. Marrie eene as ſoone as may be: let me ſee:
I will be askt ith Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at Euening prayer: & the next holiday that comes I will be askt ith forenoone, and marrted ith after noone:
For (do you marke) I am none of theſe ſneaking fellowes that will ſtand thrumming of Caps, and ſtudying vpon a matter, as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beene about to ſhow his little wit in the ſecond part of his paultrie poetrie: but if I begin with woeing, Ile ende with wedding.
And therefore good *Clearke*, let me haue it done with all ſpeed: for I promiſe you, I am very ſharpe ſet.

Clearke. Fayth you may be askt ith Church on Sunday at morning praier, but *Sir Iohn* cannot tend to do it at Euening prayer: for there comes a company of Players to'th Towne on Sunday ith after noone; and *Sir Iohn* is ſo good a fellow, that I know heele ſcarce leaue their companie, to ſay Euening prayer.
For (though I ſay it) hees a very painefull man, and takes ſo great delight in that facultie, that heele take as great paines

about bulding of a Stage, or ſo, as the baſeſt fellow among them.

Will. Nay, if he haue ſo lawfull an excuſe, I am content to deferre it one day the longer:
And Landlord, I hope, you & your ſonne *Peter*, will make bold with vs, and trouble vs.

Plodd. Nay *William*, we would be loath to trouble you: But you ſhall haue our companie there.

Will. Fayth you ſhall be very hartily welcome, and wee will haue good merry Rogues there that will make you laugh till you burſt.

Peter. Why *William*, what companie doe you meane to haue?

Will. Marrie, firſt and formoſt, there will be an honeſt Dutch Cobler, that will ſing (*I will not marre to Burgaine got*) the beſt that euer you heard.

Ploddall. What, muſt a Cobler be your chiefe gueſt? Why hees a baſe fellow.

Will. A baſe fellow? you may be aſham'd to ſay ſo; For hees an honeſt fellow, and a good fellow:
And he begins to carry the very badge of Good-fellowſhip vpon his Noſe; that I do not doubt, but in time, hee will prooue as good a Cuppe companion, as *Robin Goodfellow* himſelfe:
I, and hees a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too,
For Ile tell you what, tie him to'th Bul-ring, and for a Bag-pudding, a Cuſtard, a Cheeſecake, a Hoges Cheeke, or a Calues head, turne any man i'th towne to him, and if hee doe not prooue himſelfe as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and turne his body into a Barrell of ſtrong Ale, and let his Noſe be the Spiggat, his mouth the Foſſet, and his Tongue a Plugge for the Bung hole.
And then there will be *Robin Goodfellow*, as good a drunden Rogue as liues; and *Tim Shoomaker:* and I hope you will not deny that hee's an honeſt man, for hee was Conſtable oth Towne.
And a number of other honeſt Raſcals; which though they

are

are growne bankroutes, and liue at the reuerſion of other mens tables:
Yet (thankes be to God) they haue a penny amongſt, at all times at their need.

Ploddall. Nay, if *Robin Goodfellow* be there, you ſhall be ſure to haue our companie:
For hees one that wee heare very well of;
And my Sonne heere, has ſome occaſion to vſe him:
And therefore if we may know when tis,
Weele make bold to trouble you.

Will. Yes, Ile ſend you word.

Ploddall. Why then farewell, till we heare from you.

Exeunt Ploddall and his ſonne.

Will. Well *Clearke*, youle ſee this matter brauely performed: let it be done as it ſhould bee.

Clearke. Ile warrant ye, feare it not.

Will. Why then go you to *Sir Iohn*, & Ile to my Wench, and bid her giue her Maydenhead warning to prepare it ſelfe; for the deſtruction of it is at hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lelia ſola.

Lelia. How Loue and Fortune both, with eger mood,
Like greedy Hounds, doe hunt my tyred heart,
Rows'd foorth the thickets of my wonted ioyes:
And *Cupid* windes his ſhrill note Bugle-horne,
For ioy my ſilly heart ſo neere is ſpent:
Deſire, that eager Curre purſues the chaſe,
And Fortune rides amaine vnto the fall:
Now Sorrow ſinges, and Mourning beares a part,
Playing harſh deſcant on my yeelding heart.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe, what newes?

Nurſe. Fayth, a whole Sacke full of newes:
You loue *Sophos*, and *Sophos* loues you;
And *Peter Ploddall* loues you, and you loue not him;
And you loue not Maiſter *Charms*, and he loues you,

And ſo heers loue, and no loue,
And I loue, and I loue not,
And I cannot tell what:
But of all, and of all, Maſter *Churmes* muſt bee the man you muſt loue.

Lelia. Nay, firſt Ile mount me on the winged wind,
And fly for ſuccour to the fartheſt *Inde*.
Muſt I loue Maſter *Churmes*?

Nurſe. Faith you muſt, and you muſt not.

Lelia. As how I pray thee?

Nurſe, Marry I haue comendations to you,

Lelia. From whom?

Nurſe. From your brother *Fortunatus*.

Lelia. My brother *Fortunatus*?

Nurſe. No: from *Sophos*.

Lelia. From my Loue?

Nurſe. No from neither.

Lelia. From neither?

Nurſe. Yes from both.

Lelia. Prithee leaue thy foolery, and let me know thy newes.

Nurſe. Your brother *Fortunatus*, and your loue, to morrow night will meet you by the forreſt ſide,
There to conferre about I know not what:
But tis like, that *Sophos* will make you of his priuy counſell, before you come againe.

Lelia. Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the warres?

Nurſe. He is with *Sophos* euery day,
But in any caſe you muſt not let your Father know,
For he hath ſworne he will not be diſcried,
Vntill he haue effected your deſiers:
For he ſwaggers and ſweares out of all crie,
That he will venture all,
Both fame and bloud, and limme and life,
But *Lelia* ſhall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

Lelia. Alas *Nurſe*, my fathers iealous braine,
Doth ſcarce allow me once a month to goe,

Beyond

Beyond the compaſſe of his watchfull eyes,
Nor once affords me any conference,
With any man, except with Maiſter *Churms*,
Whoſe craftie braine beguiles my father ſo,
That he repoſeth truſt in none but him:
And though he ſeekes for fauour at my hands,
He takes his marke amiſſe and ſhootes awrie.
For I had rather ſee the Diuell himſelfe,
Then *Churms* the Lawyer:
Therefore how I ſhould meete them by the forreſt ſide,
I cannot poſsibly deuiſe.

Nurſe. And Maiſter *Churms* muſt be the man muſt worke the meanes,
You muſt this night ſend for him:
Make him beleeue you loue him mightily,
Tell him you haue a ſecret friend dwels farre away beyond the Forreſt:
To whom if he can ſecretly conuay you from your father,
Tel him you will loue him better then euer God loued him,
And when you come to the place appoynted,
Let the alone to diſcharge the Knaue of Clubs:
And that you muſt not fayle,
Here receiue this Ring, which *Fortunatus* ſent you for a token,
That this is the plot that you muſt proſecute,
And this from *Sophos* as his true loues pledge.

Lelia. This Ring my Brother ſent, I know right well.
But this my True loue Pledge, I more eſteeme,
Then all the Golden mines the ſolide earth containes:
And ſee, in happy time here comes M *Churms*, (*Enter Churms*
Now Loue, and Fortune, both conſpire,
And ſort their driftes, to compaſſe my deſire.
Maiſter *Churmes*, yare well met: I am glad to ſee you.

Churms. And I as glad to ſee faire *Lelia*,
As euer *Paris* was to ſee his deare:
For whom ſo many Troianes blood was ſpilt;
Nor thinke, I would do leſſe then ſpend my deareſt blood,

To

To gaine faire *Lelias* loue, although by loſſe of life.

Nurſe. Fayth Miſtreſſe, he ſpeakes like a Gentleman:
Let mee perſwade you,
Bee not hard hearted:
Sophos? Why whats hee?
If hee had lou'd you but halfe ſo well, hee would ha come through Stone walles, but he would haue come to you ere this.

Lelia. I muſt confeſſe, I once lou'd *Sophos* well,
But now I cannot loue him, whom all the world knowes to be a diſſembler.

Churms. Ere I would wrong my Loue with one dayes abſence,
I would paſſe the boyling *Helleſpont*,
As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* loue:
Or vndertake a greater taske then that,
Ere I would be diſloyall to my Loue.
And if that *Lelia* giue her free conſent,
That both our loues may ſympathize in one,
My hand, my heart, my loue, my life and all,
Shall euer tend on *Lelias* faire commande.

Lelia. Maiſter *Churms*, mee thinkes tis ſtrange, you ſhould make ſuch a motion:
Say I ſhould yeeld, and graunt you loue,
When moſt you did expect a ſunſhine day,
My Fathers will would marre your hop't for hay:
And when you thought to reape the fruites of Loue,
His hard conſtraint, would blaſt it in the bloome:
For he ſo dotes on *Peter Ploddalls* pelfe,
That none but hee forſooth, muſt be the man:
And I will rather match my ſelfe
Vnto a Groome of *Plutoes* grieſly denne,
Then vnto ſuch a ſilly Golden aſſe.

Churms. Brauely reſolued yfayth.

Lelia. But to be ſhort:
I haue a ſecret Friend that dwels from hence,
Some two dayes iourney, thats the moſt,

And

And if you can, as (well I know) you may, conuey me thither ſecretly:
For company I deſire no other then your owne:
Here take my hand:
That once perform'd, my heart is next.

Churms. If on th'aduenture all the dangers lay,
That *Europe* or the Weſterne world affordes,
Were it to combate *Cerberus* himſelfe,
Or ſcale the braſen walles of *Plutoes* court;
When as there is ſo faire a prize propos'd,
If I ſhrinke backe, or leaue it vnperform'd,
Let the World canonize mee for a Coward:
Appoynt the time, and leaue the reſt to mee.

Lelia. When nights blacke mantle ouerſpreads the ſky,
And dayes bright lampe is drenched in the Weſt,
To morrow night I thinke the fitteſt time,
That ſilent ſhade may giue our ſafe conuoy
Vnto our wiſhed hopes, vnſeene of liuing eye.

Churms. And at that time, I will not fayle,
In that, or ought may make for our anayle.

Nurſe. But what if *Sophos* ſhould meete you by the Forreſt ſide:
And incounter you with his ſingle Rapier?

Churms. *Sophos*? a hop of my thumbe, a wretch, a wretch:
Should *Sophos* meete vs there accompanied with ſome Champion,
With whom twere any credit to incounter,
Were he as ſtoute as *Hercules* himſelfe,
Then would I buckle with them hand to hand:
And bandy blowes as thicke as hayleſtones fall,
And carry *Lelia* away in ſpight of all their force.
What? Loue will make Cowards fight;
Much more a man of my reſolution.

Lelia. And on your reſolution Ile depend, vntill to morrow at th'appoynted time, when I looke for you:
Till when, Ile leaue you, and go make preparation for our iourney. *Exeunt Lelia and Nurſe.*

Churms. Farewell faire Loue, vntill we meet againe.
Why ſo: did I not tell you ſhe would be glad to run away with me at length?
Why this falles out, een as a man would ſay, Thus I would haue it.
But now I muſt goe caſt about for ſome Money too:
Let me ſee, I haue outlaw'd three or foure of *Gripes* debters.
And I haue the Bonds in mine owne hands:
The ſumme that is due to him, is ſome two or three hundred pounds:
Well, Ile to them: if I can get but one halfe,
Ile deliuer them their Bonds, and leaue the other halfe to their owne conſciences; and ſo I ſhall be ſure to get money to beare charges:
When all fayles, well fare a good Witt.
But ſoft, no more of that:
Here comes Maiſter *Gripe*.

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. What Maiſter *Churms*? What all alone? how fares your body?

Churms. Fayth ſir, reaſonable well: I am een walking heere to take the freſh ayre.

Gripe. Tis very holſome this faire weather:
But Maiſter *Churms*, how like you my Daughter?
Can you doe any good on her? will ſhe be rul'd yet?
How ſtands ſhe affected to *Peter Ploddall*?

Churms. O very well ſir: I haue made her very conformable.
O let me alone to perſwade a Woman:
I hope you ſhall ſee her married within this weeke at moſt,
I meane to my ſelfe. *He ſpeakes to himſelfe.*

Gripe. Maiſter *Churms*, I am ſo exceedingly beholding to you,
I cannot tell how I ſhall requit your kindneſſe,
But ith meane time heres a brace of Angels for you to drinke, for your paines.

This

This newes hath een lightned my heart,
O sir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthie.
Come Maister *Churms*, you shall goe home with me,
Wele haue good chear, & be merry for this, to night, yfaith

Churms. Well, let them laugh that wins. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pegge and her Granam.

Pegge. *Granam*, giue me but two Crownes of red Gold,
And Ile giue you two pence of white siluer,
If *Robin* the Diuell be not a water Witch.

Moth. M. Marrie, Iesus blesse vs: Why prithee?

Pegge. Marrie Ile tell you why.
Vpon the morrow after the blessed New yeare,
I came trip, trip, trip, ouer the market hill,
Holding vp my Petticoate to the Calues of my legges,
To shew my fine coloured stockings,
And how finely I could foote it in a paire of new corkt
Shooes I had bought:
And there I spied this *Moansier Muffe*, lie gaping vp into the skies,
To know how many Maydes would be with child in the towne all the yeare after:
O tis a base vexation slaue,
How the Country talkes of the large ribd varlet!

Moth. M. Marry out vpon him: what a Friday fac'd slaue it is!
I thinke in my conscience, his face neuer keepes holiday.

Pegge. Why, his face can neuer be at quiet,
He has such a chollericke Nose;
I durst ha sworne by my mayden-head,
(God forgiue mee that I should take such an oath)!
That if *William* had had such a nose, I would neuer ha lou'd him.

Enter Will Cricket.

Wil. What a talking is heere of Noses?
Come *Pegge*, wee are toward marriage; let vs talke of that may doe vs good; Granam, what will you giue vs toward house-keeping?

Moth.M. Why *William*, we are talking of *Robin Good-fellow*: What thinke you of him?

Will. Marry I say he lookes like a Tankerd bearer,
That dwels in Petticoat lane, at the signe of the Meare-mayde; and I sweare by the blood of my Codpeece,
And I were a Woman, I would lugge off his laue eares,
Or run him to death with a Spit; and for his face,
I thinke tis pittie there is not a Law made,
That it should be fellonie to name it in any other places,
Then in baudy houses:
But Granam, what will you giue vs?

Moth.M. Marry I will giue *Pegge* a Pot and a Pan,
Two Platters, a Dish and a Spoone, a Dogge and a Catte:
I trow sheele procue a good Huswife,
And loue her Husband well too.

Will. If she loue me, Ile loue her: yfaith my sweet honycombe, Ile loue thee, *A per se A.*
Wee must be aske in Church next Sunday, and weele be married presently.

Pegge. Yfaith *William*, weele haue a merry day on't.

Moth.M. That wee will yfayth *Pegge*: weele haue a whole noyse of Fidlers there:
Come *Pegge*, lets hie vs home, weele make a Bag-pudding to supper,
And *William* shall goe and sup with vs.

Will. Come on yfayth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fortunatus and Sophos.

Fort. Why how now *Sophos*, all *a mort*? still languishing in loue?
Will not the presence of thy friend preuaile?
Nor Hope expell these sullen fits?
Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged smile
From those sad drouping lookes of thine?
Rely on Hope, whose hap will lead thee right
To her, whom thou dost call thy Hearts delight;
Looke chearely man, the time is neere at hand,
That *Hymen* mounted on a snow white Coach,
Shall tend on *Sophos*, and his louely Bride.

Sophos

Sophos. Tis impoſsible: her Father man, her Father,
Hee's all for *Peter Ploddall.*

Fortunatus. Should I but ſee that *Ploddall* offer loue,
This Sword ſhould pierce the peaſants breaſt,
And chaſe his ſoule from his accurſed corps
By an vnwonted way, vnto the grieſly lake.
But now the appoynted time is neere,
That *Churms* ſhould come with his ſuppoſed loue:
Then ſit we downe vnder theſe leauy ſhades, (*They ſit down.*
And waight the time of *Lelias* wiſht approach.

Sophos. I, heere Ile waight for *Lelias* wiſht approach,
More wiſht to mee, then is a calme at Seas
To ſhipwrackt ſoules, when great God *Neptune* frownes.
Though ſad Diſpaire hath almoſt drown'd my hopes;
Yet would I paſſe the burning vaults of *Orke*,
As erſt did *Hercules* to fetch his Loue.
If I might meet my Loue vpon the ſtrond,
And but enioy her loue one minut of an houre. *Enter Robin.*
But ſtay: what man, or diuell, or helliſh fiend, comes heere,
Transformed in this ougly vncouth ſhape?

Fortu. O, peace a while, you ſhall ſee good ſport anone.

Robin. Now I am cloathed in this helliſh ſhape,
If I could meete with *Sophos* in theſe Woods,
O, he would take mee for the Diuell himſelfe,
I ſhould ha good laughing, beſid the fourty ſhillings *Peter Ploddall* has giuen me: & if I get no more, I am ſure of that.
But ſoft: now I muſt try my cunning, for here he ſits.
The high commander of the damned ſoules,
Great *Dis* the Duke of Diuels, and Prince of *Limbo* lake,
High Regent of *Acheron*, *Styx* and *Phlegeton*,
By ſtrict command from *Pluto*, Hels great Monarch,
And faire *Proſerpina* the Queene of Hell,
By full conſent of all the damned Hagges
And all the fiends that keepe the *Stygian* plaines,
Hath ſent me here from depth of vnder ground,
To ſommon thee to appeare at *Plutoes* Court.

Fortunatus. A man or Diuell? or what ſo ere thou art,

Ile try if blowes will driue thee downe to Hell.
Belike thou art the Diuels Parator,
The baſeſt Officer that liues in Hell,
For, ſuch thy words imports thee for to bee:
Tis pittie you ſhould come ſo farre without a fee:
And becauſe I know mony goes low with *Sophos*,
Ile pay you your fees: *He beats him.*
Take that, and that, and that, vpon thee.

Robin. O good ſir, I beſeech you, Ile do any thing.

Fortunatus. Then downe to Hell, for ſure thou art a Diuell.

Robin. O hold your handes, I am not a Diuell by my troth.

Fortu. Sounds doſt thou croſſe mee? I ſay thou art a Diuell. *Beat him againe.*

Robin. O Lord ſir, ſaue my life: and Ile ſay as you ſay, Or any thing elſe youle ha me doe.

Fortu. Then ſtand vp, and make a preachment of thy Pedigree, & how at firſt thou learnd'ſt this diueliſh trade? Vp I ſay. *Beat him.*

Robin. O I will ſir: *Stands vpon a ſtole.*
Although in ſome places I beare the title of a ſcuruie Gentleman:
By birth, I am a Boat-writes ſonne of *Hull*,
My father got me of a reſul'd Hagge,
Vnder the old-rnines of *Boobies* Barne;
Who as ſhe liu'd, at length ſhe likewiſe died,
And for her good deedes, went vnto the Diuell.
But Hell, not wont to harbo r ſuch a gueſt,
Her fellow Fiendes doe daily make complaint
Vnto grim *Pluto*, and his Lady Queene,
Of her vnruly misbehauiour:
Intreating that a Paſport might be drawne
For her to wander till the day of Doome
On earth againe, to vexe the mindes of men,
And ſwore ſhe was the fitteſt Fiend in Hell
To driue men to deſperation.

To this intent, her Paſport ſtraight was drawne,
And in a whirwinde foorth of Hell ſhe came;
Ore Hilles ſhe hurles, and ſcoures along the Plaines:
The trees flew vp by th roots, the earth did quake for feare
The houſes tumble downe; ſhe playes the Diuell and all:
At length, not finding any one ſo fit
To effect her diueliſh charge, as I:
She comes to mee, as to her onely Child,
And mee her inſtrument on earth ſhe made:
And by that meanes, I learnd that diueliſh trade.

Sophor. O monſtrous villaine!

Fortu. But tell mee, Whats thy courſe of life?
And how thou ſhifteſt for maintenance in the world?

Robin. Faith ſir, I am in a manner a Promoter,
Or more fit'ly tearm'd a Promoting Knaue:
I creepe into the preſence of great men,
And vnder colour of their friendſhips,
Effect ſuch wonders in the world,
That Babes will curſe me that are yet vnborne.
Of the beſt men, I raiſe a common fame,
And honeſt Women rob of their good name:
Thus dayly tumbling in comes all my thriſt:
That I get beſt, is got but by a ſhift:
But the chiefe courſe of all my life,
Is to ſet diſcord betwixt man and wife.

Fortu Out vpon thee Cannibal, *He beats him.*
Doſt thou thinke thou ſhalt euer come to heauen?

Robin. I litle hope for Heauen, or heauenly bliſſe:
But if in Hell doth any place remaine,
Of more eſteeme then is another roome,
I hope, as guerdon for my iuſt deſert,
To haue it for my deteſtable acts.

Fortu. Wert not thy tonge condemnes thy guilty ſoule
I could not thinke that on this liuing earth,
Did breath a Villaine more audacious.
Go get thee gon, & come not in my walke, *Beat him.*
For if thou doſt, thou commeſt vnto thy woe.

Robin.

Rob. The diuell himſelf was neuer coniur'd ſo. (*Exit Rob.*

Sophos. Sure hees no man, but an incarnate diuell,
Whoſe ougly ſhape bewrayes his monſtrous mind.

Fortunatus. And if he be a diuell, I am ſure hees gone:
But *Churms* the Lawer will be here anone,
And with him comes my ſiſter *Lelia:*
Tis hee I am ſure you looke for.

Sophos. Nay, ſhee it is that I expect ſo long.

Fortu. Then ſit we downe vntill we heare more newes:
This but a prologue to our play enſewes. (*They ſit downe.*

Enter Churms and Lelia.

But ſee where *Churms* & *Lelia* comes along:
He walks as ſtately as the great Baboone.
Sounds, he lookes as though his mother were a midwife.

Sophos. Now gentle *Ioue*, great Monarke of the world,
Grant good ſucceſſe vnto my wandring hopes.

Chu. Now *Phœbus* ſiluer eye is drencht in weſtern deepe
And *Luna* gins to ſhew her ſplendant rayes,
And all the harmleſſe quireſters of Woods,
Doe take repoſe, ſaue onely *Philomel:*
Whoſe heauie tunes doe euermore record
With mournefull layes the loſſes of her loue.
Thus farre faire Loue, we paſſe in ſecret ſort,
Beyond the compaſſe of thy Fathers bounds,
Whilſt he on down-ſoft bed ſecurely ſleepes,
And not ſo much as dreames of our depart.
The dangers paſt, now thinke on nought but loue,
Ile be thy deare, be thou my hearts delight.

Sophos. Nay firſt, Ile ſend thy ſoule to cole black night.

Chur. Thou promiſ'dſt loue: now ſeale it with a kiſſe.

Fort. Nay ſoft ſir, your mark's at the fayreſt,
For I weare her loue, and ſeale it with a kiſſe,
Vpon the burniſht ſplendor of this blade,
Or it ſhall rip the intrals of thy peſant heart.

Sophos. Nay, let mee doe it, thats my part.

Chum You wrong me much, to rob me of my Loue.

Sophos. Auaunt bale braggard, *Lelia's* mine.

Churms.

Churms. She lately promiſd loue to mee.

Fortu. Peace, Night-rauen, peace, Ile end this controuerſie.
Come *Lelia*, ſtand betweene them both,
As equall iudge, to end this ſtrife:
Say which of theſe, ſhall haue thee to his wife:
I can deuiſe no better way then this:
Now choſe thy Loue, and greete him with a kiſſe.

Lelia. My choice is made, and here it is. *She kiſſes Sophos.*

Sophos. See heere the mirrour of true conſtancie:
Whoſe ſteadfaſt loue deſerues a Princes worth.

Lelia. Maiſter *Churms*, are you not well?
I muſt confeſſe I would haue choſen you,
But that I nere beheld your Legges till now:
Truſt mee, I neuer lookt ſo low before.

Churms. I know you vſe to looke aloft.

Lelia. Yet not ſo high as your crowne.

Churmes. What if you had?

Lelia. Fayth I ſhould ha ſpied but a Calues head.

Churms. Sounds, coſend of the Wench, & ſcoft at too?
Tis intollerable: and ſhall I looſe her thus?
How't mads mee that I brought not my Sword & Buckler with mee!

Fort. What, are you in your Sword & buckler tearmes?
Ile put you out of that humor:
There, *Lelia* ſendes you that by mee, *Beates him.*
And that, to recompence your Loues deſire:
And that, as payment for your well earn'd hire.
Goe get thee gon, and boaſt of *Lelias* loue.

Churms. Where ere I go, Ile leaue with her my curſe,
And rayle on you with ſpeeches vilde.

Fortu. A craftie Knaue was neuer ſo beguil'd.
Now *Sophos* hopes haue had their luckie haps,
And he enioyes the preſence of his Loue,
My Vow's perform'd, and I am full reueng'd
Vpon this Hel bred brace of curſed Imps:
Now reſt nought but my Fathers free conſent

To knit the knot that time can nere vntwiſt.
And that,as this,I likewiſe will performe:
No ſooner ſhall *Aurorаes* pearled deaw
Oreſpread the mantled earth with ſiluer drops,
And *Phœbus* bleſſe the Orient with a bluſh,
To chace blacke night to her deformed Cell,
But Ile repaire vnto my Fathers houſe,
And neuer ceaſe with my inticing wordes,
To worke his will to knit this Gordian knot:
Till when,Ile leaue you to your amorous chat:
Deare Friend adieu,faire Siſter too farewell,
Betake your ſelues vnto ſome ſecret place:
Vntill you heare from me how things fall out. *Exit Fort.*

Sophos. Wee both do wiſh a fortunate good-night.

Lelia. And pray the Gods to guide thy ſteps aright.

Sophos. Now come faire *Lelia*,lets betake our ſelues
Vnto a litle Hermitage hereby;
And there to liue obſcured from the world,
Till Fates and Fortune call vs thence away,
To ſee the ſunſhine of our Nuptiall day.
See how the twinkling Stars do hide their borrowed ſhine
As halfe aſham'd,their luſter ſo is ſtain'd,
By *Lelias* beautious eyes,that ſhine more bright
Then twinkling Starres doe in a Winters night:
In ſuch a night,did *Paris* win his Loue.

Lelia. In ſuch a night, *Æneas* prou'd vnkind.

Sophos. In ſuch a night,did *Troilus* court his deare.

Lelia. In ſuch a night, faire *Phyllis* was betray'd.

Sophos. Ile proue as true as euer *Troilus* was.

Lelia. And I as conſtant as *Penelope*.

Sophos. Then let vs ſolace,and in loues delight,
And ſweete imbracings ſpend the liue-long night:
And whilſt Loue mounts her on her wanton wings,
Let Deſcant run on Muſicks ſiluer ſtrings. *Exeunt.*

A ſong.

WILY BEGVILDE.

A SONGE.

1

OLde Tithon must forſake his deare,
The Larke doth chaunt her chearefull Lay:
Aurora ſmiles with merry cheare,
To welcome in a happy day.

2

The Beaſtes doe skippe,
The ſweete Birds ſing:
The Wood-Nymphs daunce,
The Eccheos ring.

3

The hollow Caues with ioy reſounds,
And Pleaſure euery where abounds:
The Graces linking hand in hand,
In Loue haue knit a glorious band.

Enter Robin Good-fellow, old Ploddall, and his ſonne Peter.

Ploddall. Heare you Maiſter *Good-fellow*, how haue you ſped?

Peter. Ha, you playd the Diuell brauely, and ſcard the Scholler out ons wits?

Robin. A pox of the Scholler.

Ploddall. Nay harke you, I ſent you vorty ſhillings, and you ſhall haue the Cheeſe I promiſ'd you too.

Robin. A plague of the vorty ſhillings, & the cheeſe too.

Peter. Heare you, will you giue mee the Powder you told mee of?

Robin. How you vex mee! Powder quotha? Sounds, I ha been powderd.

Ploddall. Sonne, I doubt he will prooue a crafty knaue, and coſen vs of our mony:

Weele goe to Maiſter Iuſtice and complaine on him, & get him whipt out oth Countrie for a Connicatcher.

Peter. I, or haue his eares nayld to the Pillorie:
Come, lets goe. *Exeunt Ploddall and his ſonne.*

Enter Churms.

Chur. Fellow *Robin*, what newes? how goes the world?

Robin. Fayth, the world goes I cannot tell how:
How ſped you with your Wench?

Churms. I would the Wench were at the Diuell:
A plague vpont, I neuer ſay my prayers,
And that makes me haue ſuch ill lucke.

Robin. I thinke the Scholler be haunted with ſome Demi-diuell.

Churms. Why, didſt thou fray him?

Robin. Fray him? a vengeance ont, all our ſhifting knaueri's knowne:
Wee are counted very vagrants:
Soundes, I am afrayde of euery Officer, for whipping.

Churms. We are horribly haunted: our behauiour is ſo beaſtly, that wee are growen loathſome; our craft gets vs nought but knockes.

Robin. What courſe ſhall we take now?

Churms. Fayth, I cannot tell: lets eene run our Country,
For heres no ſtaying for vs.

Robin. Fayth agreed: lets go into ſome place where we are not knowne, and there ſet vp the art of Knauerie with the ſecond edition. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe ſolus.

Gripe. Euery one tels me I looke better then I was wont,
My hearts lightened my ſpirites are reuiued:
Why mee thinkes I am eene young againe;
It ioyes my heart that this ſame peeuiſh girle my daughter will be rul'd at the laſt yet:
But I ſhall neuer be able to make M. *Churms* amendes for the great paynes he hath taken.

Enter

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Maiſter, now out vpons, welladay; wee are all vndone.

Gripe. Vndone; What ſodaine accident hath chaunc'd? Speake, Whats the matter?

Nurſe. Alas that euer I was borne!
My Miſtreſſe & M. *Churmes* are run away togeather.

Gripe. Tis not poſsible, nere tell me: I dare truſt maiſter *Churmes* with a greater matter then that.

Nurſe. Fayth you muſt truſt him whether you will or no, for hees gone.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. M. *Gripe*, I was comming to deſire that I might haue your abſence at my Wedding: for I heare ſay you are very liberall growen alate:
For I ſpake with three or foure of your Debters this morning, that ought you hundred pounds apeece,
And they told me, that you ſent M. *Churmes* to them, and tooke of ſome ten pounds,
And of ſome twentie, and deliuered them their bonder,
And bade them pay the reſt when they were able.

Gripe. I am vndon, I am robd: my daughter, my mony! Which way are they gone?

Will. Fayth ſir, its all to nothing, but your daughter and M. *Churmes* are gone both one way:
Marrie your mony flies ſome one wayes, & ſome another:
And therefore tis but a folly to make hue and cry after it.

Gripe. Follow them, make hue and cry after them.
My daughter, my mony, all's gone, what ſhall I doe?

Will. Fayth if you will be rul'd by mee,
Ile tell you what you ſhall doe:
(Marke what I ſay) for Ile teach you the way to come to Heauen if you ſtumble not:
Giue all you haue to the poore, but one ſingle penny;
And with that penny, buy you a good ſtrong Halter,
And when you ha done ſo; come to mee, and Ile tell you what you ſhall doe with it.

Gripe. Bring me my daughter: that *Churme*, that vilaine,
Ile teare him with my teeth.

Nurſe. Maiſter, nay pray you doe not run mad,
Ile tell you good newes:
My young Maiſter *Fortunatus* is come home:
And ſee where he comes.

Enter Fortunatus.

Gripe. If thou hadſt ſaid *Lelia*, it had been ſome thing.

Fort. Thus *Fortunatus* greetes his Father,
And craues his Bleſsing on his bended knee.

Gripe. I, heers my Sonne: but *Lelia* ſheele not come;
Good *Fortunatus* riſe: wilt thou ſhed teares,
And helpe thy Father mone?
If ſo, ſay I: if not, good Sonne be gone.

Fort. What moues my Father to theſe vncouth fits?

Will. Fayth ſir, hees almoſt mad: I thinke he cannot tell you:
And therefore I preſuming ſir, that my wit is ſomething better then his, at this time (do you marke ſir?)
Out of the profound circumambulation of my ſupernaturall wit ſir (do you vnderſtand?)
Will tell you the whole ſuperfluitie of the matter ſir:
Your ſiſter *Lelia* ſir, you know is a Woman
As an other Women is, ſir.

Fort. Well, and what of that?

Will. Nay nothing ſir, but ſhe fel in loue with one *Sophos* a very proper wiſe young man ſir:
Now ſir, your Father would not let her haue him, ſir:
But would haue married her to one, ſir,
That would haue fed her with nothing but Barly Bag-puddings and fat Bacon:
Now ſir, to tell you the trueth,
The foole (ye know) has fortune to Land: But Miſtreſſe *Lelias* mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.

Fort. And how then?

Will. Marry then there was a certaine craking, coging,

Pet-

Pettifogging, Buttermilke ſlaue ſir, one *Charmes* ſir, that is the very quinteſſence of all the Knaues in the bunch;
And if the beſt man of all his kin had been but ſo good as a Yeomans ſonne,
He ſhould haue been a markt knaue by letters pattents,
And hee ſir, comes me ſneaking, and coſens them both of their wench, and is run away with hir:
And Sir, belike hee has coſend your father heere of a great deale of his mony too.

Nurſe. Sir, your Father did truſt him but too much;
But I alwayes thought he would prooue a craftie Knaue.

Gripe. My truſt's betray'd, my ioyes exil'd:
Griefe kils his heart, my hopes beguil'd.

Fort. Where golden gaine doth bleare a Fathers eyes,
That precious Pearle fetcht from *Parnaſſus* mount,
Is counted refuſe, worſe then *Bullen* Braſſe;
Both ioyes and hope hang of a ſilly twine,
That ſtill is ſubiect vnto flitting time:
That turnes ioy into griefe, and hope to ſad diſpaire,
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care.
Were I the richeſt Monarch vnder Heauen,
And had one Daughter thriſe as faire
As was the Grecian *Menelaus* wife,
Ere I would match her to an vntaught ſwaine,
Though one whoſe wealth exceeded *Chraſus* ſtore,
Her ſelfe ſhould chooſe, and I applade her choyſe,
Of one more poore then euer *Sophos* was,
Were his deſertes but equall vnto his.
If I might ſpeake without offence;
You were to blame to hinder *Lelias* choyce.
As ſhe in Natures graces doth excell,
So doth *Minerua* grace him full as well.

Nurſe. Now, by Cocke & Pie, you neuer ſpoke a truer word in your life; hees a very kind Gentleman:
For laſt time he was at our houſe, he gaue me three pence.

Will. O nobly ſpoken: God ſend *Pegge* to prooue as wiſe a Woman as her mother, and then we ſhall be ſure to haue

haue wife children.
Nay, if hee be ſo liberall: old Granſire, you ſhall giue him the good-will of your Daughter.

Gripe. She is not mine, I haue no Daughter now.
That I ſhould ſay I had thence comes my griefe:
My care of *Lelia*, paſt a Fathers loue:
My loue of *Lelia*, makes my loſſe the more:
My loſſe of *Lelia*, drownes my heart in woe:
My heartes woe, makes this life a liuing death:
Care, Loue, Loſſe, Hearts-woe, Liuing death,
Ioyne all in one, to ſtop this vitall breath.
Curſt be the time I gap'd for Golden gaine,
I curſe the time, I croſt her in her choyce:
Her choyce was vertuous, but my will was baſe,
I ſought to grace her from the *Indian* Mines,
But ſhe ſought Honour from the ſtarrie Mount:
What franticke fit poſſeſt my fooliſh braine?
What furious Fancie fired ſo my heart,
To hate faire Vertue, and to ſcorne Deſert?

Fortunatus. Then Father, giue Deſert his due,
Let Natures graces, and faire Virtues giftes,
One ſympathie and happy conſort make
Twixt *Sophos* and my ſiſter *Lelias* loue:
Conioyne their Hands, whoſe Hearts haue long been one,
And ſo conclude a happy vnion.

Gripe. Now tis too late:
What Fates decree, can neuer be recall'd:
Her luckleſſe loue is fall'n to *Charms* his lot,
And he vſurpes faire *Lelias* nuptiall bed.

Fortunat. That cannot be, feare of purſuite, muſt needes prolong his Nuptiall rights:
But if you giue your full conſent,
That *Sophos* may enioy his long wiſht Loue,
And haue faire *Lelia* to his louely Bride,
Ile follow *Charms* what ere betide;
Ile be as ſwift as is the light-foote Roe,
And ouertake him ere his iournies end:

And

And bring faire *Lelia* backe vnto my friend.

Gripe. I, heers my Hand; I doe conſent,
And thinke her happy in her happy choyce:
Yet halfe foreiudge my hopes will be deceiu'd.
But *Fortunatus*, I muſt needes commend
Thy conſtant minde thou bear'ſt vnto thy friend:
The after Ages wondring at the ſame,
Shall ſayt's a deede deſerues laſting fame.

Fortunatus. Then reſt you heere, till I returne againe,
Ile goe to *Sophos* ere I goe along,
And bring him here to keepe you companie:
Perhaps he hath ſome skill in hidden Artes,
Of Planets courſe, or ſecret Magicke ſpels,
To know where *Lelia* and that Foxe lies hid,
Whoſe craft ſo cunningly conuaid her hence. *Exit Fort.*

Gripe. I, heere Ile reſt an houre or twaine,
Till *Fortunatus* doe returne againe.

Will. Faith ſir, this ſame *Charmes* is a very ſcuruy Lawe, For once I put a caſe to him: and mee thought his Law was not worth a Pudding.

Gripe. Why what was your caſe?

Will. Marry ſir, my caſe was a Gooſes caſe; For my Dog wearied my neighbors Sow, & the Sow died.

Nurſe. And hee ſued you vpon Wilfull murthur?

Will. No: but he went to law with me, and would make me either pay for his Sow, or hang my Dogge:
Now ſir, to the ſame Retourner I went.

Nurſe. To beg a Pardon for your Dogge?

Will. No: but to haue ſome of his wit for my mony:
I gaue him his Fee, and promiſed him a Gooſe beſide, for his Counſell.
Now ſir, his Counſell was, to denie all was askt mee,
And to craue a longer time to anſwere,
Though I knew the Caſe was plaine;
So ſir, I take his counſell: and alwayes when hee ſends to mee for his Gooſe, I deny it, and craue a longer time to anſwere.

Nurſ. And ſo the Caſe was yours, & the Gooſe was his:
And ſo it came to be a Gooſes caſe.

Will. True: But now we are talking of Geeſe,
See where *Pegge* and my Granam *Midnight* comes.

Enter Mother Midnight and Pegge.

Moth.M. Come *Pegge*, beſtir your ſtumpes: make thy ſelfe ſmugge, Wench; thou muſt be married to morrow:
Lets goe ſeeke out thy Sweet-heart,
To prepare all things in readineſſe.

Pegge. Why Granam, looke where he is.

Will. Ha my ſweete Tralilly, I thought thou couldſt ſpy mee amongſt a hundred honeſt men.
A man may ſee that Loue will creepe where it cannot goe.
Ha my ſweet and two ſweet: ſhall I ſay the tother ſweet?

Pegge. I, ſay it and ſpare not.

Will. Nay I will not ſay it, I will ſing it.

Thou art mine owne ſweete heart,
From thee Ile neuer depart:
Thou art my Ciperlillie,
And I thy Trang didowne dillie,
And ſing Hey dang a ding dang,
And doe the tother thing:
And when tis done, not muſſe
To giue my Wench a kiſſe:
And then daunce. Canſt thou not hit it:
Ho braue William Cricket!
How like you this Granam?

Moth.M. Marry Gods benniſon light oth thy good heart, fort:
Ha, that I were young againe!
Yſay th I was an old doer at theſe Loue-ſongs when I was a Girle.

Nurſe. Now by the Mary mattens, *Pegge*, thou haſt got the m.rrieſt Woer in all Womanſhire.

Pegge. Fay th I am none of thoſe that loue nothing but Tum dum diddle:

It

If he had not been a merrie ſhauer, I would neuer haue had him.

Will. But come my nimble laſſe, let all theſe matters paſſe
And in a bouncing brauation, lets talke of our copulation:
What good cheare ſhall we haue to morrow?
Old Grandſir Thickskin, you that ſit there as melancholy as a mantle-tree, what will you giue vs toward this merrie meeting.

Grip. Marry, becauſe you told me a merry Gooſes caſe, Ile beſtow a fat Gooſe on ye; and God giue you lucke.

Moth. M. Marry well ſayd old maiſter: een God giue them ioy indeed, for by my vay, they are a good ſweete yong couple.

Will. Granam ſtand out oth way, for here come Gentlefolke will run ore you elſe.

Enter Fortunatus, Sophos, and Lelia.

Nurſe. Maiſter, here comes your Sonne againe.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there?
Welcome *Fortunatus:* Wheres *Sophos*?

Fortu. Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worne with loue.
As you with griefe for loſſe of *Lelia.*

Sophos. And ten times more, if it be poſsible.
The loue of *Lelia* is to mee more deare,
Then is a Kingdome, or the richeſt Crowne
That ere adorned the temples of a King.

Gripe. Then welcome *Sophos*, thrice more welcome now
Then any man on earth, to mee or mine.
It is not now with me as late it was;
I lowr'd at Learning, and at Vertue ſpurnd:
But now my heart and minde and all is turnd.
Were *Lelia* here, I ſoone would knit the knot
Twixt her and thee, that time could nere vntie,
Till fatall Siſters victorie had wonne,
And that your glaſſe of life were quite outrun.

Will. Sounds, I thinke he be ſpurblind. Why *Lelia* ſtands hard by him.

Lelia. And *Lelia* here falles proſtrate on her knee,

And craues a pardon for her late offence.

Cripe. What *Lelia* my Daughter? ſtand vp Wench:
Why now my ioy is full:
My heart is lightned of all ſad annoy:
Now farewell griefe, and welcome home my ioy.
Here *Sophos*, take thy *Lilias* hand:
Great God of heauen, your heartes combine,
In vertues lore to rayſe a happy line.

Sophos. Now *Phaeton* hath checkt his fierie Steeds,
And quencht his burning beames that late were wont
To melt my waxen winges when as I ſoard aloft:
And louely *Venus* ſmiles with faire aſpect
Vpon the Spring-time of our ſacred loue;
Thou great commander of the ſcircled Orbs,
Graunt that this league of laſting amitie,
May lye recorded by Eternitie.

Lelia. Then with content knit vp our nuptiall right:
And future ioyes, our former griefes requite.

Will. Nay, and you be good at that, Ile tell you what weele doe.
Pegge and I muſt be married to morrow; and if you will,
Weele goe all to'th Church togeather, and ſo ſaue Sir *Iohn* a labour.

All. Agreed.

Fortunatus. Then march along, and lets be gon,
To ſolemnize two mariages in one. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.